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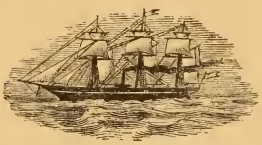
TRANS-ATLANTIC SKETCHES,

BY

"PORTE PLUME."



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A small portion of the following "Sketches" appeared as "Letters to the *Brooklyn Union*," with the signature of "PORTE PLUME," in that journal in the fall of 1868, and as these letters appeared to afford so much pleasure to many of my personal friends, who followed me with so much interest in my journey as to peruse them, I have been flattered into the belief that by "writing up" an account of how I spent my short vacation abroad in the fall of the year above stated, and producing the "whole story" complete in one number, I should further gratify the many indulgent and friendly critics who have been kind enough to be pleased with my descriptions of men and things.

W. M. HARDING.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, *March*, 1870

TRANS-ATLANTIC SKETCHES.

BY "PORTE PLUME."

CHAPTER I.

FAREWELL TO NEW-YORK—PASSENGERS—SEA-SICKNESS—CAPT. NEYNABER AND THE STEAMER BREMEN—LAND HO!—COWES AND THE YACHT RACE—UP THE CHANNEL—BREMERHAVEN AND BREMEN—HOTEL DE L'EUROPE—MY FRIEND MAX—SERVANTS.

It was on Thursday, the 22nd of July, at 2 o'clock, P. M., that the steamer "Bremen," of the North German Lloyds Company, cast off the last ties that bound her to the Jersey shore, and glided out into the North River, bound for the port whose name she bears, while friends on shore waved adieus, shouted farewells and hurrahed hurrahs in response to the adieus, farewells and hurrahs of those on board. Swiftly down the noble harbor of New-York we glided; passed from our view the smilingly beautiful and verdured shores of Staten and Long Island; frowned upon us as we left them astern, the grim fortresses of Lafayette, Wadsworth, Hamilton and Richmond; smiled upon us the summer's setting sun over the almost barren arm of Sandy Hook; dusky grew the eastern sky as we gently rose on the ocean swell, and—we were at sea.

With a human freight of seventy-one "souls, beside the Captain and the crew," who by some people are supposed

to be totally ignorant of the existence of such a commodity, much less to possess it, we gaily dipped and rolled in the bright blue waters speeding on our way to Europe.

There is but little joy in steamship life under ordinary circumstances, and there is little joy in the hearts of steamship passengers, if you look there for joy, within a few hours of and after a separation from home and loved ones; there were weeping women clinging to one another, and there were weeping women clinging to dejected looking men; there were dejected looking men in groups smoking and saying nothing; and there were dejected looking men gazing astern long after land was out of sight. There were critical eyes from one to another, and no one seemed disposed to prove the adage that "misery loves company;" yet in time we became acquainted, and if there was ever a jollier, pleasanter, more sociable company crossed the Atlantic in a passenger steamer before, I would like to immortalize that company as socially fitted to people the mansions of the gods—I refer to Olympus, not to Mount Ida.

The weather for the first three days was mild and beautiful, and the time passed very agreeably and pleasantly; but there came a day—a fourth day—a day of misery, and a day of fasting; a day on which "the winds blew and the sea arose, and there was a great storm." Imagine yourself, kind reader, (if you haven't been there,) in a room six feet long, six feet wide, seven feet high, half of which room is occupied by a washstand, a sofa-seat and two berths, and imagine yourself sea-sick; but it is impossible to imagine that. Imagine yourself helplessly indifferent to all that is transpiring about you. Imagine that your bed, which is two and a half feet wide, is assuming an angle of forty-five degrees to the right, then forty-five degrees to the left, and between each angle a delightful jerking motion, which in-

creases your indifference regarding the world in general. Imagine again, for you must imagine much if you would have a true picture, that your room window is the size of the bottom of a quart pot, and that a man is playing at it from the outside with a hose; imagine that twenty or thirty men in new squeaking boots are balancing themselves over your head on deck, as the bed assumes its different angles; that in the story below, two butcher boys are racing horses; that a coffee mill of gigantic proportions, is constantly grinding in the basement; that a battering ram is hammering at the cellar door; that a street fight is in progress on the roof; that several cats, (time midnight) and at least a dozen chimneys with the wind whistling in them, are aiding the general confusion—and you can perhaps imagine in a degree, the surroundings of a sea-sick landsman during a storm at sea—add to this and the feeling of general indifference, the feeling that you are gradually losing confidence in your stomach—and you have the picture as complete as it is possible to imagine it. Notwithstanding the rolling and the jerking, the creaking and the pounding, and the horrible feeling within me, I rolled out of my bed, rolled into my clothes, was jerked through the saloon, by a breakfast table groaning with good things, and finally jerked upon deck—how I know not, to the lea-side of the ship, where, gazing out upon the watery waste, I sank before the shrine of Neptune, and offered up my sacrifice to the Aquatic god. I cast my bread (and beef too,) upon the waters, and hope never to find it after many days.

There were several of our passengers who were, and who remained during the whole voyage so well and happy and hearty, that it was exasperating to an indescribable degree to witness them; and one of these at a peculiar period of my sickness, at a period when I was on my knees at the altar

of Neptune offering a sacrifice—at this extremely trying and excessively discouraging period, one of these inhuman fellow passengers of mine—and I blush to say it was a lady—was seated at the piano in the saloon, and while one *gallant homme* held the music and another the music stool, played in a most heartless and cruelly beautiful manner, Thalberg's variations of "Home, Sweet Home." Ye gods! was there ever in the history of man so trying a moment? Tantalus, with the apple swinging before his thirsty eyes, or Prometheus chained to Caucasus, never suffered more mental pain than I did, as the strains of that music were borne to my sea-sick ears, and I could, I am satisfied, have been persuaded at that moment to allow myself to be bodily ejected into the roaring flood, as it danced and leaped before my watery eyes as if in mockery of my woes.

Finally the stormy weather passed away, the warm sun shone out upon a bright smooth sea, and as we sped along over the beautiful waters, the sea-sick passengers one by one made their appearance, and we became once more joyful and gay.

Capt. H. A. F. Neynaber, a most courteous and pleasing gentleman, seemed as if constantly studying the comfort of his passengers, and when all else failed, as was the case when most were sea-sick, kept their spirits buoyant by his witty and jovial raillery. He taught us the game of Shuffle Board, explained the mysteries of that wonderful play at cards—particularly recommended to young ladies—called *Schwartz Peter*, or "Muggins;" set off the pyrotechnic signals of the steamer at night for our amusement, and in a thousand ways contributed to the general pleasure of his passengers.

The "Bremen" is as comfortable as any of the ocean steamships; the attention of servants is excellent. The

table, which is set four times each day, is bountifully supplied with all the good things that can be had on shore, and the variety of food as great as the supply. As a matter of economy, quick transit and comfort, I heartily recommend the North German Lloyd Steamships to any of my countrymen who propose visiting the Continent, particularly if all their captains are like the gentleman who commands the "Bremen."

The voyage soon drew to a close, for on the tenth day, at 4 P. M., land was to be seen from the steamer's deck—the Scilly Isles—and at 6 the main land of Old England—Lands' End—loomed up blue and purple in the distance. A most beautiful sunset greeted our vision after passing the Lizard. The sky assumed the appearance of a walled city, whose turrets and spires of crimson and vermillion were tinged with a golden light. The illusion continued for some minutes, and was much admired. The following morning the Needles were passed, and at 10 A. M. we were anchored off Cowes. It was a regatta day. The Queen's Cup was to be raced for, and the harbor presented an unusually lively and gay appearance: the shipping was gaily decorated with bunting; the Royal Yacht, with the Queen on board, lay near us; hundreds of sailing craft, steam and sail yachts, and excursion boats were continually passing and repassing us as we lay discharging specie, mail and passengers. The ivy-clad towers of Osborn Castle peeped out from among the foliage at us; and the verdant shores of the Isle of Wight shone smilingly upon the festive scene. We left a friend here—a lady friend—whose society was a great pleasure to us all. After getting under weigh again a better view was obtained of Osborn Castle, and also of Osborn House, the residence of the Prince of Wales. On the English shore—I mean the main land—among other objects

of interest, the frigate on which Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar, was pointed out to us. The newspapers which were obtained at Cowes, shed but little light on events in America since our departure, and with the exception of gold and stock quotations, nothing of interest under that head was to be found.

I noticed, with much satisfaction, and after reading it, felt immeasurcably easier in body and mind, (?) that "Her Majesty drove out yesterday afternoon, accompanied by Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louisa, the Marchioness of Ely being in attendance," and also that "Her Majesty, and their Royal Highnesses, the Princess Louisa, the Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Leopold, and Prince Louis Hesse, attended Divine service at Wappingham Church this morning (3d)." I almost expected to see written "were pleased to worship God at, etc." The effect of this cheering and exciting intelligence upon my indivi dual feelings, can be readily imagined when I announce that I had a most vigorous appetite at luncheon. And, this confidentially, dear reader, there were doubtless some ill-minded people at our table, (although I hadn't found them out during the voyage) who attributed my voraciousness to the fact that I had partaken lightly of an early breakfast. But such is "man's inhumanity to man."

During the remainder of the afternoon, and far into the beautiful moon-lit night, we kept upon deck, bringing into constant use our opera-glasses as we passed successively the towns and cities of Portsmouth, Hastings, (where William the Conqueror fought his memorable battle) Ryde, Brighton, Folkstone, Dover, etc., and the points of Beachy Head,—which better deserves the name of Mountain Head—Dungeness and others. We were also, with the help of a vivid imagination and the captain's spy-glass, assisted to a sight

of the French coast. We *could* see the coast-lights, and when we came on deck again on the following morning we were far into the North Sea, with "water, water, everywhere." During the afternoon the coast of Holland "from afar off," looked like a struggling fog bank ambitious to rise. On the morning of the 6th, at 7 o'clock, the "Bremen" came to an anchor below the bar at Bremerhaven, and at 10 we, passengers, together with other valuables, were transferred to a tug-boat, and shortly after landed at the town, whence a waiting train conveyed us rapidly (?) to Bremen.

The novelty of a low, flat Dutch (Holland) looking coast, the novelty of wind-mills, the novelty of tiled and thatched roofs, of houses whose ambition seems to involve the idea of an acute triangle, the base of which is the ground floor, the novelty in men and women, in things animate and inanimate, in fine, the novelty of stubborn Continental stupidity, demonstrated in a hundred ways, was really refreshing and entertaining.

As the ladies—the American ladies—of our passengers were going to the Hotel de l'Europe, at Bremen, and as I had no partiality to any other hotel, and a decided partiality to the ladies, I went there too, and we soon found ourselves snugly and comfortably ensconced in homelike and pleasant rooms, the windows of which looked—the front out upon a portion of the City Park, the rear upon a pleasant garden, beautified by ivy vines, holly trees, flowers and pavillions, with tables and chairs placed accidentally about for the accommodation of open-air lovers, and the consumption of necessaries and luxuries. Being without traveling companions, and by no means of the solitary order of men, I took a room in connection and partnership with a Prussian gentleman, a native and citizen of Berlin, whose first name

was Max (not of Sedelitz-Calambourg—"Grand Duchesse,") and whose knowledge of the world, the French and English languages, and particularly the German, made him not only a most acceptable, but instructive companion. Max had been voyaging in the States, and had intelligence enough to discern our good qualities, and sense enough to acknowledge them. His criticisms on our national and social errors were comparatively just and impartial, and his education and intelligence qualified him for the task. When we drove up to the hotel there were servants in dress-coats to open the door of the carriage; there were servants in dress-coats to relieve you of your baggage; there were servants in dress-coats to bow to you as you passed through the halls: there were servants in dress-coats to fly before you and open your room door; there were servants in dress-coats at your honorable service; and there were servants in dress-coats in your way when you did not want them, courting the high distinction of being commanded by you to the performance of any duty your distinguished mind, within the limits of reason, might dictate, and all in irreproachable dress-coats and shirt-fronts above slander. Hardly had our room door closed upon the excluded dress-coats when—

"With bow and cringe, flinging the parlor door upon its hinge,"

appeared a person who in broken English informed us that he was the "barbarr of ze hotel," and that he wanted our decision on the momentous question of "to shave or not to shave," and was prepared to carry out our wishes, if in the affirmative, on the spot, producing a bundle, I think by legerdemain, from I know not where, which subsequently was discovered to contain all the paraphernalia of a tonsorial inquisition. After he had left us, and Max and I were alone again, he said to me, "You had slavery in

America, my dear sir, but the slavery of our country is much worse than was the slavery in yours. These are our slaves and worse than yours were, for they know the value of liberty and are intelligent slaves; slaves with two or three languages on their tongues, and slaves as abject as your Southern black-a-moor. You know not the evils of this slavery; but I know it and I assure you, my dear sir, * * * but this is treason. I forget I am home again."

That evening, alone in my room, I sat reflecting on these words of my friend Max, and I found much reason in them, and as I thought grew glorious with pride, within myself, that I was a child of that great land beyond the sea where "all men are born free and equal."

CHAPTER II.

SERVANTS AND GUIDE BOOKS, AND SOME IDEAS ABOUT THEM—SIGHT SEEING IN BREMEN—ADIEU TO MY COMPANIONS DE VOYAGE—BREMEN FLOWERS—BEER GARDENS AND AMUSEMENTS—THE ROAD TO COLOGNE, WITH A FEW REMARKS ON THE STREETS OF THE LATTER CITY—AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WITHOUT pursuing to any length the train of thoughts called into expression by reflection on the words of my friend Max, I soon found myself cogitating on the present, and the pursuit of happiness, without any heart for the slaves who were in attendance to cater to my fancies. The fact is, it is as human to be selfish as it is human to err; and I leave it to you, kind reader, if one does not experience an agreeable sensation when his landlord is obsequious and his landlord's minions servile. The kind of flattery they use is none of your harsh, unnatural blarney; it is well studied, naturally uttered and—fearfully charged for on your bill. But so frail is human nature that your conceit is satisfied, and you pay for civility as you pay for candles, as a matter of course. Republican, as I am, I cannot but express my satisfaction at being waited upon at table by a servant in faultless attire and scrupulously clean hands. It gives one's dinner a relish, and refines the animal necessity of eating.

On the evening of our arrival at the hotel in Bremen, Max and myself took tea, together with the ladies, in the garden. The air was very sweet and mild, and the flowers, shrubs, vines and shade trees made the novelty

more than ever agreeable. It was half-past eight, yet quite light enough for us to take our evening meal without gas or candles.

In the afternoon we (Max, the ladies and myself) took carriages and drove through some of the principal streets, and then to *the* church, where we were shown the remains of several once human bodies in a state of mummified preservation: were told the age of the building, saw some very ancient carving in wood, by no means pretty; some stained glass windows, and, as usual in foreign churches, several oil paintings of undoubted antiquity. For particulars *vide* Murray or Harpers' Hand-book.

I wish to express an opinion on the subject of tourists' letter-writing, and I think I can express that opinion here better than later. I don't propose to tell you what can be found in every guide book; that this or that church was "built or commenced in the 12th century;" that "on this spot the noble this," or "the tyrannical that" did the other thing; that "not far from this place" some foolish King did something consonant with his nature, or that "in this house lived for many years the eccentric" noodle. The guide books tell you all these things, and tell them much better than I can; for if I told them I should have to copy the guide book or the guide, and of course alter the phraseology, and naturally spoil the story. I write merely to give an account of my impressions; to describe things and people not described in guide books, and to do this in an original manner, if possible, with now and then an idea of my own in illustration of these impressions. Murray's hand-book is the best descriptive traveler I have ever read; not that I read it constantly, for I do not; but it is good to have some kind of an indicator to the sights of town or country, wherever you may be, if you are not traveling with a *valet-de-*

place or *courrier*. It is minute in its descriptions, and if any one in the pursuit of knowledge is desirous of ascertaining the particulars of this or that building, town or city, I would suggest Murray as a very good authority condensed.

Being a representative of a nation of progress, and of a party of progress, I look to the present and the future with the idea of ridiculing things of the past that in Europe so impede the present and make progress in the future ignored and unrecognized. They are great enemies in Europe to progress, where progress will educate the masses. They would have you believe that the dead issues of times as dead as their originators, are the saving clauses to their life and prosperity. They would have you believe that those in power may break faith with those not in power, as often as it please them, as they have often done and are likely to so do again. So I look to the present with a view to improve the future, and "let the dead bury the dead."

After the church, we visited the Court House, a very ancient building, with carved front and window panes of small diamond shapes, and the wine cellars beneath it, where we tried some of the wine, not the oldest I have drank by any means. In the square before the *Rathhaus* is a rudely cut stone statue of a knight, about 15 or 20 feet high, who doubtless years ago slew many other knights, and thereby became immortalized.* The Exchange is a very fine and extensive building, and a great credit as well as ornament to the city of Bremen. The ladies joined us at breakfast, in the garden, the following morning. Two tame starlings made free to hop upon our table, and receive from our hands bits

* Since writing the above I have learned from Murray that the statue is a *Rolandsäule* or Roland Column, and that many of them are found in Germany. This one was erected in the 13th century, and is intended as a symbol of the rights and privileges of the town.

of bread. One, bolder than the other, went so far as to dip his head into the cream pitcher and take a drink, for which liberty he was summarily dismissed the table.

As our fair *companions de voyage* proposed going on to their destination that evening, I called about five o'clock to offer them my services (which in any event was not much of an offer, since I was almost as ignorant of the customs as of the language of this people). Of course there was a "little mistake" in the bill, and though the fact of there being a mistake may not appear strange, it would doubtless assume an extraordinary mysteriousness were it not that the error was in favor of the landlord. So that being rectified and the account adjusted, and the ladies and their trunks being ready, and Captain Neynaber being in attendance to assist them, we started off for the depôt, where the trunks were every one opened and examined, thereafter weighed, and all over 50 lbs. charged for and finally put somewhere out of sight and a slip of paper given as a check for them. In due course the train came along, and we saw the ladies safely seated in a carriage by themselves, with particular instructions from Captain Neynaber to the guard to take good care of and safely deliver them at their destination. There were "good byes" said and "pleasant journeys" wished and kind words spoken, and away went the train, bearing with it friends whose acquaintance, although of to-day, will ever be remembered by me with pleasure, and the parting with whom will always be associated with sad regret. There was a simple purity of idea and expression about this family that was charming. Educated in New England, far from the contamination of evil examples, and with the puritanic—if you like—principles of their forefathers instilled into their minds, liberally educated, and far from entertaining bigoted or partizan views, with the simplicity of pure

and beautiful women, they were as charming, interesting, and delightful acquaintances as one could wish to find. It was particularly refreshing to me to meet such ladies. I am sorry to say it; but the young women of to-day, generally, all over the country, are not what they should be. We have not those characteristics in young females, or we do not develop them, that make good wives and mothers. We have not that simplicity of character which distinguished the lives of many noble women in years gone by. We do not see in women now that devotion to domestic life which makes her honored and honorable; and when these virtues are met with—as they are, thank God, sometimes—we cannot but admire, respect and love their possessors. May the pleasures anticipated by these ladies be fully realized, may the primary objects of their journey be successfully attained, and may they be returned safely to their native land, uncontaminated by the follies of fashion and pride. But I know they will.

With an apology for my dissertation, which I know will be accepted, because the ladies are the cause of it, I return to Bremen, the hospitality of several of whose citizens it was my good fortune to enjoy during my stay there.

Bremen looks like a city cut out of stone. You might fancy that, "many years ago, in the days of good King Arthur," or some one else, a mighty worker in stone before the Lord came down upon the City of Bremen, which your fancy will suppose a great rock, and cut out of it streets and houses, squares and churches, and left them to be peopled in course of time by the wandering children of the earth. The architecture is solid and clumsy, and has the appearance of being conceived principally with a view to resisting earthquakes. Every window-sill almost in Bremen is groaning under a load of flower-pots, with blooming flowers in

them too. From the balconied and verandahed mansions of the wealthy on the ramparts, to the cribbed, crooked and distorted house fronts of the poor, in equally crooked, cribbed and distorted streets, without side-walks, blooming and fragrant and many colored flowers are seen, pleasing the love for natural art on the one hand, cheering the lowly, yet contented, homes on the other. Flowers in the hotel windows, flowers on the stone steps of houses, instead of bannisters, flowers nodding and trembling in the morning air from attic to basement windows. Flowers beautiful, fragrant, everywhere. I declare I loved the people merely for their love of flowers, and often, as I looked up and down a street, where flowers and vines were struggling—it seemed as if for the mastership—over the house fronts, have I thought of the hanging gardens of Babylon. The comparison may be extravagant, but nevertheless it came naturally.

I dined one day in Bremen with the family of a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction, and I never spent a more pleasant afternoon in my life. The house, beautifully situated on the old ramparts, in a luxuriant garden, is covered with vines and flowers. Orange trees in tubs, rare shrubs and exotics in pots, placed about in a picturesque manner, while the beauties of the natural vegetation form an *ensemble* as delightful as can be imagined.

After dinner, coffee was served on the verandah overlooking a portion of the garden; and while we sat there enjoying it and our segars, with the lady and daughter of mine host near at hand, the sparrows came down upon the steps, and even upon the table, to be fed by them with bread crumbs. Then, turning from this beautiful picture, as I hotelward go, I see women with the gait of men. I see them swinging along the streets like beasts of burden,

with fardles on their backs or heads. I see them without their loads, looking like female Atlases just relieved of the world's weight. I see them so masculine in feature, form and manner, that they need but men's clothes to make the deception complete.

Boys with men's faces and men's coats pass me; girls with old women's wrinkles stare at me; men with children's jackets on look stupid as I pass them—all with that lazy, dragging, dreary step, as if the road of life were a sad and weary way to them, and they fain would end it.

I was still studying these things—still giving reasons for them to myself, then rejecting them—when Capt. Neynaber called and desired me to accompany him to a theatre and garden near at hand; so I went. The admission was six cents, about. The performance, on the variety order, very good. From the theatre the door opened into a large garden, beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns. When the performance was over, the band stationed itself in a pavillion in the centre, and played some very good music, while fire-works were set off in different parts of the garden.

Seated at tables all about, beneath shade trees and in natural arbors, were men or women and children drinking beer or wine, all enjoying themselves rationally, without confusion, noise or rude behavior. Could I parallel this place of amusement with anything of the kind among us, without giving the verdict in favor of the Tivoli, Bremen? I think not! Could I sit at home as I did at Bremen, for an hour, enjoying the music and the cool night air in a public garden, without being the witness of some rude conduct, some drunken wantonness, some malicious rowdyism? I think not. Both countries have national evils. This is one of Germany's national virtues.

Sunday morning the 9th I spent in my room at the hotel,

writing and reading. In the afternoon Capt. Neynaber sent his son with an invitation to me, to walk with his family and take tea at his house, which invitation I cheerfully accepted. We left the city by a beautiful broad road lined on each side with fine shade trees, and some two miles out of the city halted at a fine garden where were a great many family parties sitting at tables scattered about and partaking of refreshments. There was a miniature fish-pond here, a shooting-gallery, a bowling-alley, cages containing rabbits, monkeys, etc. The building on the premises, quite a large one, was divided into a *café*, a dining-hall, and several small apartments for parties. The same quiet order prevailed everywhere. We sent the ladies home in a carriage, the captain and myself preferring to walk into town, stopping at one or two gardens on our way to witness the dancing in halls erected for that purpose. I spent a very pleasant evening at the captain's house, and next morning, at eleven o'clock, started for Cologne.

The same annoyances the ladies were subjected to at the station, I in my turn experienced—my baggage was examined, weighed, paid a fare for and a paper check given for it. As I was going to take my seat in the cars, I met Capt. Neynaber who came to assist me, if necessary, and wish me good-bye. He is an excellent man, and I can hardly say enough in his praise.

The road to Cologne must be, to a native, rather monotonous. The country through which it runs is flat and low, but thoroughly cultivated. It would have been a dull day's ride to me, I think, if it were not for a repetition of the novelties already mentioned, besides women in leathern aprons and wooden shoes working in the fields with men; women at the small stations in bright red petticoats and bright blue jackets and uncouth head-dresses. Soldiers of

the Prussian army, here, there, everywhere. The railway guards and station-masters in silver buttoned uniforms, trimmed off with red—the hedged railroad, as clean and as clear as a private park road—made the ride to Cologne a pleasant and interesting one.

At Wunsdorff I changed cars, and had an hour's time for dinner. At nine o'clock we crossed the iron bridge over the Rhine, and I was soon at the Hotel de Mayence, washing off the dust of travel and preparing myself for supper.

I was awakened next morning, at an early hour, by the carts and towns-people passing in the street just below my window. My room was on the first floor front. You can't exactly tweak your across-the-street neighbor's nose without going out of the house in Cologne, as they say can be done in Genoa, but you can certainly wish him good morning in an ordinary conversational tone, and he will assuredly hear you; and you are not obliged to go to the window either, provided no cart be passing through the stony street, for I can certify that after I was dressed and had pulled my curtains up, I sat at the table writing, and was occasionally much amused as I, from time to time, glanced into the room across the street at a family at breakfast, whose voices were perfectly audible to me.

My experience in some of the old streets of Bremen had prepared me, I confess, for much worse ones in Cologne; but a street of the former, compared to a street of the latter, is like comparing Broadway to New Street. In some of the Bremen streets the sidewalks were two or three feet wide. Such streets in Cologne have *no* sidewalks, and the pedestrian is warned out of the way of vehicles by the cracking of the driver's whip, which in the narrow, crooked street sounds like a patent torpedo just behind him. Streets with no sidewalks then, and streets with sidewalks a foot

wide, and streets with sidewalks varying from that to five feet—very few of these—and you can imagine what the pleasures of a street promenade in Cologne are; streets where a clumsy cab, coming around the corner, with its torpedo whip, hails another cab to stop and give the right of way; for they cannot pass each other in many of these streets; streets where the house-tops on each side are striving, by closer connection, to become better acquainted; streets with dirty gutters and foul smells; streets with innumerable "original" and "genuine" Joanna Maria Farina Cologne water manufacturers and dealers in them, many of whom extend their ramifications to every great city on the globe, by agencies at Paris, London, "New Jork (with a J), and elsewhere.

Cologne! the romance of thy waters is forever gone!

I took an early train for Aix-la-Chapelle, for the purpose of visiting the United States Consul there, Mr. W. H. Vesey, an old family friend. I found him at the *Hotel du Grand Monarque*, well and hearty. The same genial, kind, elegant and courtly gentleman, with ten years more of time upon him than when I saw him last in France, but not a whit changed. It was a great pleasure to meet him. I dined with him, visited the Cathedral, where the tomb of Charlemagne was pointed out, and listened to an amusing legend about the bronze wolf, the pine-apple and the devil's thumb outside the doors (which can undoubtedly be found in Murray, though I don't know). Drank some (a teaspoonfull, perhaps,) of the hot mineral water. It tasted much as a "decomposed hen fruit" smells. At 5.30 I tock the train back to Cologne, having passed another most agreeable and pleasant day.

CHAPTER III.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—COLOGNE AGAIN—FRENCH AND GERMAN COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS—A BATH IN THE RHINE, AND STREET SCENES—THE CATHEDRAL, ETC.—DUSSELDORF, MEETING WITH A FRIEND—SCENES IN DUSSELDORF, MILITARY REVIEW, ETC.—COLOGNE FOR THE THIRD AND LAST TIME—THE RHINE TO MAYENCE.

I HAVE not quite done with Aix-la-Chapelle yet.

At street corners and otherwise than at street corners—in niches in the walls of houses—I observed gaudily painted images of the Virgin Mary with the child Jesus, images of the Saviour alone, almost life size, unnaturally painted and impaled upon the cross, a narrow shed over the figure from the top of the cross, to protect it from the rain. Before one a candle in a lantern burning, before another a poor wretch, upon his knees, without the price of a candle in the world, not knowing where to lay his head, not knowing where to find a mouthful of food, ragged and wretched, desperate perhaps, yet on his knees before the image, praying. Praying for what? For death, for food, for strength to live without it, perhaps! God knows, yet there upon his knees, bare headed, in the bright and burning Summer's sun, the air stirring his thin and whitened locks, was this fragment of a man. And the world passed on, to the right and to the left—the priest in black and dismal robes, the monk in drab and temporal looking vestments, soiled no doubt with wine; and from the altar steps the padre chants the mass, in church hard-by; his robes are rare and costly; in the dimly lighted, richly ornamented church,

his bass and steady voice sounds solemn to the kneeling there, and through the colored panes the sun-light makes its rainbow path far up the nave. 'Tis still and solemn here, yet in the street, made wild and noisy by the voice of man, before the gaudy cross, still on his ragged knees, the poor wight bends. Which, think you, Christian friend, of these two gates, the gate to Heaven?

The evening of my return to Cologne I went with two Frenchmen and a Prussian to the *café* in the "passage," and thence over a pontoon bridge to a garden across the river, where was a band of music. My companions were commercial travelers, whom I accidentally met upon the cars. They recklessly indulged in beer, and finally their arguments became intensely amusing to me, especially as it turned on languages. The Frenchmen could neither of them speak any language but French; the Prussian spoke, besides his own, English, French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch and Russian. The Frenchmen held that whereas everybody with any common sense learned French, it was not necessary for *them* to learn the other languages; and the reason common sense people learned French was, because French modes, French goods and French styles were necessary to the general happiness, comfort and pleasure of outside barbarians. The Prussian held this argument—as indeed it was—not only selfish and mean, but untrue, and attributed the ignorance of other languages among the French to a feeling of superiority over other nations. So from one thing to another, until they had matched armies, re-fought the Austrian campaign, and fought an ideal one between Prussia and France—the one making Prussia issue edicts in Paris, the other two with the French army destroying or stealing works of art in Berlin. I was intensely amused throughout the whole argument, and finally begged

them to talk of other things until a war really did occur; so we walked amicably back to the hotel, and went to bed. At six next morning the Prussian called at my room-door and asked if I would accompany him to a bath in the Rhine, which I readily agreed to do, and soon was dressed and joined him in the hotel court. A walk of half an hour brought us beyond the line of fortifications up the river, where a fine swimming bath was moored far out in the rapid tide, and where for nearly an hour we enjoyed ourselves immensely.

As we walked along the river's side I noticed canal boats coming up against the tide, with men dragging at the line instead of horses, all on an angle of 45 degrees, with the tow-line over their shoulders and their arms hanging over it, and all with long pipes in their mouths, half asleep, dumb as cattle, taking the place of cattle. As I saw them, I thought of my friend Max, of trans-Atlantic acquaintance, and of his words: "These are our slaves." As we came into the town again market boats along the quay were discharging freight, and I saw old women and young girls staggering under baskets of fruit and vegetables, as they came up the stone step from the river's level to the street, and I thought of my friend Max and his words again. Squads of soldiers, with the famous needle-gun, passed and re-passed us before we reached the hotel—soldiers in squads without arms, soldiers singly and in twos and threes, and again I thought of Max and his words to me in Bremen. My Prussian friend and I breakfasted together, then he went to his business (patent kerosene lamps), I to mine (sight-seeing). I visited the Cathedral first.

I had from the hotel a commissionaire or guide who smelt horribly of liquor, and who insisted in getting very near me when imparting information. To begin with, this was

disagreeable, but as I did not discover it until our departure from the hotel, I concluded to keep on. I am opposed to guides. I never employ them unless unacquainted with the language of the country I am visiting. I can always get along as well without them and much more economically; I took this one at Cologne (the first and last with me during my trip,) more for charity than anything else.

The Cathedral is a gigantic mass of carved stone, and a study to any one, whether interested directly in architecture or not; its unfinished state—on one side the carving clipped and ruined, black and green with age, on the other the stone quite fresh-looking—gives a striking evidence of the perseverance and yet weakness of man. The architect is unknown; and one of the legendary tales connected with him and the cathedral seems not unreasonable, when one thinks of the more than human mind that conceived the plan. It relates that he made a bargain with the devil to furnish him the plan, and that having failed in some portion of his agreement, he was carried off by his infernal majesty body and soul with all the plans and calculations regarding the construction of the edifice. On entering the church, the wonder of the spectator is increased, and the vast area covered by the building is only understood. The stained glass windows are the finest and richest in color and shading I have ever seen. All the objects of interest were duly visited by me, and I heard the history of every tomb, chapel and painting, told off in a monotonous voice by a healthy priest, as if he was saying an Ave. I must dwell a moment in that part of the Cathedral named the Treasury, where in addition to the most costly crosses, and mitres and jewelled robes, and candlesticks and the service of the church, are two caskets of incredible value. The one of gold and silver holds the archives of the church, the other

entirely of gold, as large as a bureau, is said to contain the bones of the Magi, whose names are inscribed on the skulls, exposed to view, in rubies. The whole is beautifully carved for the times, in bas-relief, and covered with jewels.

As I was going out, a dirty-looking priest shoved a silver plate at me, begging for something to help finish the church. (A fee had already been paid for seeing it.) At the door, beggars, squalid, ragged, wretched-looking creatures, asked in piteous tones for alms. In the town, people were, perhaps, starving; many poor were sick and needy, and yet, with the wealth of millions in baubles, the church asks for more. Asks more, with starving wretches at its portals; asks for more, with fatal sickness and terrible poverty in the streets near by; asks the hard-worked laborer for his pay, the poor and needy farmer for a portion of his gains; asks, and receives, with useless millions at its command.

Max, you are right again, these taxed and tribute paying masses, taxed by Church and State, these ignorant and fearful people *are* your slaves. Since 1817, over $3,550,000 have been expended by the church, preserving the old parts from decay and building slowly the new.

This three-and-a-half million came from the people, directly or indirectly.

Among other interesting facts connected with this cathedral is the fact that the heart of Maria de Medicis was once buried here. The remainder of the morning I spent visiting the museum, the zoölogical garden, and the markets. The fruit markets—rich, ripe, and luscious fruit—were the only pleasant reminiscences I have of Cologne, if I except the bath in the Rhine; but that even was outside the city's walls.

After visiting the Cathedral and the markets, and the iron tubular bridge over the Rhine and other places of interest, and after tiring myself out in the narrow, nasty

streets of Cologne, I took an afternoon train to Dusseldorf. An hour's ride brought me to Obercassel (with only two changes of cars on the road), whence a clumsy, rickety, broken-springed cab, drawn by a wretched horse and navigated by a sleepy driver, and in company with three large, fat German women and a little, lean German man, I was jerked along the river's side and bumped over a pontoon bridge into the town of Dusseldorf—the seat of German art, —the only impediment in the course of transfer being a short respite on the bridge to the horse, who dragged us a funeral gait, by reason of a halt to give the right of way to a flock of at least a thousand dirty sheep and twenty dirty men, women and children who were driving them.

Under an arched passage, through a narrow street, where the houses looked as if trying to get out of your reach; through another narrow street, where the houses looked as if reaching over for you; through another narrow street, where the houses looked indifferently at you, into a broad avenue, lined with trees—the town's old moat made into a lake all along it—fine buildings and fine stores ornamenting it, and lively, happy looking people promenading on it, all along this broad avenue to the Europaischer Hof. Then the usual form: a room, a wash, a clean shirt, a feeling of independence, a walk or a ride. Carriages are so cheap in Germany, that it is economy in regard to shoe leather to ride. At Aix-la-Chapelle 10 cents, about, for a cab from one designated spot to another—Dusseldorf about the same.

I went first to the Consular Agent's to find the address of a gentleman with whom it was my good fortune to become acquainted in New-York, three or four years ago, a native of Holland, who is educating his son at Dusseldorf. He was delighted to see me, and his kindness and hospitality

certainly proved it, and when he heard of my intention to go up the Rhine, agreed to hurry up his business affairs in Dusseldorf and go with me as far as Frankfort, where he would remain some time and then go on to Switzerland. I was so well pleased with this arrangement and the prospect of his company, that I at once agreed to it and found a day and a half at Dusseldorf well and pleasantly spent.

There is a beautiful little park here, and with ponds and flower gardens, and rustic bridges and old, full-grown trees, and in the centre a "Casino," where a band of music from the garrison played beautifully for two hours in the afternoons, and where the society and style of Dusseldorf passes the time pleasantly, chatting among themselves and drinking wine or beer. A half bottle of good Rhine wine for 10 cents; what think you of that my wine-drinking friends?

It was at the Music Conversazionne—if you will accept the term—of Dusseldorf that I first became aware of the fact that there existed handsome women in Germany. I believed that there were handsome women in Germany, but I had not seen any—they had kept out of sight; but during the two hours so spent in the Dusseldorf Park I saw many of them—all kinds of beauty, too. There was the blonde, with rich luxuriant tresses, golden as the ripened grain, and twisted and tortured into a chignon of wondrous mastership, with the pink of health and beauty on her cheeks and the light of youth and happiness beaming from her fair blue eyes; the brunette, whose raven-wing *chevelure* and downcast eye gave a look of sweet sadness to her Grecian features. There were beauties of all kinds, beauties of all ages; beauties in all colors and beauties in any number.

I was awakened the morning following my arrival before six o'clock, by the music of a regiment passing the hotel,

on its way to the parade ground not far distant, and as it was a lovely morning I dressed myself and started out to see the morning drill. The inspiring effect of military music, the morning's sun reflected from the bayonets and polished brass work of the Prussian infantry casques, the orders of the officers, the winding of the clarions and the prompt and rapid movement of the troops, produced a very charming effect, and made the early morning pass very agreeably. About four thousand infantry and a thousand cavalry participated in the drill. On my way back to the hotel I passed several heavily laden dog carts, with poor brutes harnessed to them, who, with their tongues lolling from their mouths, strained every muscle to drag the load; while a lazy peasant, pipe in mouth, and half asleep rested himself upon the shafts and let the poor dogs do the hard work. I think sometimes that the horse is too noble an animal to be made a beast of burden of, but for dogs to be put to hard labor, it is pitiable.

After seeing the two picture galleries of Dusseldorf, and walking about in some of its principal streets, (new part,) you have seen all that can interest you, and naturally desire a change. So the morning of the second day after my arrival came not unwelcomely, though it came with chilly wind and dismal rain. I was awakened early again by military music and met my friend Mr. V. at the Station. About seven o'clock we started for Cologne, and in due course arrived at that city. After some bother finding my baggage, (there's always a bother about baggage in Europe,) we got to the steamboat and secured seats on the forward deck, put on our overcoats and tried to make ourselves comfortable, which was in a measure effected, notwithstanding the drizzly rain. An awning kept that from wetting us, so with our

"broadcloth, close buttoned to the chin," we sat on deck determined to see the Rhine at all hazards.

The drizzle continued until we reached Bonn, when it suddenly stopped, and then very suddenly also the sun burst through the clouds and a breeze denoted that the wind had changed, and the disagreeable prospect of a rainy day upon the Rhine vanished.

The boat was crowded with passengers, among whom the (traditional may I say? or) habitual English tourist, was a marked, and strongly marked too, feature. With Scotch cap upon his head, opera-glasses in one hand, guide-book in the other, a satchel over one shoulder, and his opera-glass-case over the other by straps, the breeze fanning his "leg of mutton" whiskers out from each side of his face, with an air of perfect self-satisfaction, and evident and unquestionable superiority over other men, he sits upon the deck from Cologne to Mayence, and "does" the Rhine. He has "done" it several times, my "deah fellah, you know, and really begins to, to find it a bore, this Rhine, you know."

I remember 'tis ten years gone by, I was in the restaurant of the Grand Hotel du Louvre, and near by were seated two Englishmen; soon there entered another, who after saluting the other two, said as he took his seat, that he had been improving his morning by "doing" the Louvre. It was twelve o'clock; he could not have been at it more than two hours. To appreciate this absurd speech one must know at least what this magnificent Repository of Art is.

From Cologne to Bonn the Rhine is excessively tame in point of scenery, but the low banks ornamented with quaint houses, and boats of extraordinary model, passing us bound down the river, relieved it of its otherwise monotony. Even

from Bonn to Coblentz the river is not rich in beautiful landscape, except where

> "The castled crag of Drachenfels
> Frown o'er the wide and winding Rhine,"—

which is taken from the guide Baedeker, who in turn took it from Byron. The height of this ruin from the river is wonderful, and every projecting rock up the mountain's side seems to possess an interest for the beholder. The fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, opposite Coblentz, is magnificently grand; and one can almost imagine, from the name, the beauty and strength it so pre-eminently possesses. From Coblentz to Mayence the Rhine is certainly a most enchanting and grand picture. It is not more so naturally than our Hudson, but the winding river with mountains rising on both sides of it, shutting it out of sight every mile or so, and giving the impression of a chain of fairy lakes; the ruined towers of Stolzenfels, Marxburg, Rhinefels and Rhinestein, ivy-clad and crumbling, perched upon the highest points of land, the quaint and meagre villages at the water's edge, and every one with painted saints in niches in the walls, the watch-towers here and there, the Gothic spires of rural churches peeping out from amongst luxuriant foliage, the mountains cultivated with the vine from base to summit, the peasantry in odd and uncouth costumes, rocky heights pierced by tunnels for the railway, the legendary lore of every spot, the historic fame of every foot, the interest attached to every hamlet, all tend to make the Rhine the most enchanting river in the world. I believe I could pass months along its banks, mentally drinking to intoxication the enchantment it so profusely gives.

I was not feeling well when I left Cologne that morning, but before sunset I was not only cured—and I had been suffering bodily pain too—but I was actually elated and

invigorated. My friend, Mr. V., too, kept my spirits effervescing by his jovial companionship and his witty and amusing anecdotes; and I shall ever remember with pleasure, I shall often revert with joy, as one of the sunshiny spots of my life, to my passage up the Rhine.

About eight o'clock we passed "Sweet Bingen," famed not only in history but in song, as the home of the "Soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers." At ten we arrived at Mayence, where we took a carriage and drove across the river on the pontoon bridge to Castel, and, fatigued with the pleasures of the day, I soon sought repose in a comfortable bed at the Hotel Barth.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTEL—WIESBADEN—THE CURSAAL AND THE GARDENS—GAMBLING AND SOME IDEAS THEREON—A RIDE—SCENES ABOUT THE GAMING TABLES—CASTEL TO FRANKFORT, AND SCENES IN THE LATTER CITY—THE ROAD TO HEIDELBERG—THE ECCENTRIC ENGLISH FAMILY—HEIDELBERG AND ENVIRONS—THE CHATELET AND THE VOLUBLE WAITER—THE CASTLE.

The last chapter closed, leaving me fatigued and sleepy at the Hotel Barth, in Castel, on the Rhine, across the river (by a bridge of boats) from Mayence. I was up early, however, on the following morning; first, because the garrison, near the hotel, was up, and noisy with trumpets and drums, and bands of music; second, because the merry morning sun found me abed, and teased my eyes open; third, because my friend, Mr. V., was an early riser, and had received my promise to meet him in the breakfast-room at seven o'clock. So, being only a few moments behind-hand, we had our coffee and eggs together, and then walked over the bridge of boats to Mayence, across the river Rhine. Here we took a carriage and drove about the city. Every public building seemed a Caserne, every male habitant a soldier, to the right and left, soldiers, before and behind bugles sounding, horses prancing (military horses), squads of brass capp'd soldiers marching, single soldiers loafing, pairs of soldiers drinking, and at every street corner an image of the Virgin Mary. Images in stone, images in plaster, images clothed for winter weather, painted, images in summer vestments, unpainted, but always images.

I was amused, forgive me for being amused at this idolatry, to see at the corner of a street, in a niche in the wall, a four-foot statue of the Virgin, high up, about the second story; a shop at the corner, and over the shop door, between the image of the Virgin and the door-top itself, another image, an image of which we have the original, but not quite so unfaithfully represented, an image two feet high, an image black as the Styx, with a coral crown on its head, and eyes betokening gin, and mouth like a raw beef-steak, holding a dark-green salad leaf towards the sun, sans coat, sans pants, sans everything in the tailoring line—a slander on the sons of Africa's burning sands. This image meant something, at least that was comprehended by those who saw it daily; it meant that adulterated tobacco was sold in the shop beneath. What did the other image above mean, that was not comprehended by those who saw it daily? The image with the pea-green robe, and a blood-colored child in its arms, and a gilt crown upon its head, before which the peasant knelt, and toward which the loving timid mother held her child. What did this tawdry image mean, I have asked, and the answer comes, telling that it means slavery of the soul. The tobacconist's sign was typical too of a slavery once existing with us—the slavery of the body—now a thing of the past. These signs of the Church of Rome are typical of the slavery of the soul, a thing of the past, the present and the future. The mental note I took of all this would read if written, and for pages, too, "A study on Images, Mayence, 1868." Let us leave the images then and Mayence. The drosche driver cracks his whip, and around a corner we go, scattering right and left groups of idle women gossipers, children and dogs. I was feeling at this moment all the American national pride my heart was capable of containing, and pos-

sibly it was working in me to such an extent that it came out at my pores, and so impregnated the atmosphere as to make the world about me aware that a live Yankee, or some foreign animal was in the midst of Mayence. However, that may be, I can assert, that an inhabitant, either of the city or its environs, from malice, or the reason given, certainly without any provocation on my part, struck my only ungloved hand, so violently and suddenly, and produced so much pain, that it immediately began to swell until it became quite deformed in consequence. I was at the time "laying back" in the carriage, resting my hands upon the handle of my umbrella. As quick as thought I knocked the vile thing senseless at my feet, and in another moment killed him with one stroke of my umbrella handle—a heavy knotted one. My friend, Mr. V., who had been intently engaged with his thoughts, questioned me, with a look of astonishment, for an explanation. I pointed to my swollen hand, and then to the lifeless remains of the victim of his own imprudence. Mr. V. seized the corpse by the wings—I forgot to state that it was a species of wasp—and flung it from the carriage with an expression of disgust, while I applied my mouth to the stung part of my hand to suck out the poison. So, finally over the bridge of boats again, leaving the city and its images behind us, across the river Rhine into Castel once more.

At eleven o'clock we took the cars for Wiesbaden; ten minutes after we were there. Gaining the street in front of the station, a long avenue bordered with trees is before us. This is intersected at right angles with another avenue, likewise bordered with shade trees, making a green arcade from the railroad station to the Cursaal. Up the avenue then; every one is going that way. Houses and gardens to the right, hotels and grim *port cochères* to the left. Everywhere the

dismal white and black flag, from every house top, hotel front and villa balcony. Here, just in front, like the sunshine in a thunder cloud, the glorious Stars and Stripes of the United States undulate to the gentle breeze. We have no time to ascertain to what is due this displayed bunting of the land across the sea, but on with the crowd we go, towards the Cursaal.

A long, fine building, columned and arcaded, its counterpart *en face*, wide apart though, with two broad carriageways and a pretty park between—a park with fountains playing in it—and among the branches of whose trees the birds chirped deafeningly. Under the arcades on each side, goods displayed temptingly, frightful prices asked for them modestly, extravagant prices got for them naturally; for every shop is tended by a pretty, interesting, smirking creature, who shows you her wares so temptingly, who praises them so prettily, who takes your money so coquettishly, and sells the goods and you so unassumingly, that you declare, "By Jove, she is a lovely creature, and deserves to dispose of her entire stock at great profit."

For objects of Swiss manufacture, girls in the peasant costumes of the Tyrolese and Austrian provinces, etc., it was very gay, very attractive, but very expensive, you know. At the end of the park, and so situated as to make the long, arcaded and column-fronted buildings look like wings belonging to it, stands the Cursaal, with its cafés and restaurants and reading rooms, and lounging and ball room and gambling saloons. Saloons fit for monarchs to dwell in; richly, even gorgeously furnished, frescoed and gilded, decked out with every allurement for the eye, and spread like a silver and gold spider's web, to catch its human flies. Four immense saloons, four immense gaming tables, four immense, struggling, excited crowds, from eleven in the

morning to twelve at night. How many ruined ones I cannot say. Behind the Cursaal, which, by the way, my friend, Mr. V., called the Curs'd-saal, or damned saloon, is a beautiful garden Park, with flowers and lakes (small ones) and fountains, and rustic bridges and beautiful walks in groves—a charming spot—frequented mostly, however, by nurses and bonnes and female attendants with children, whose parents, male and female, are—gambling. Gigantic geranium and orange trees in flower, in wooden boxes, are set all about the exterior of the Cursaal. In a pavillion, immediately in front of its principal entrance, a band of music from the garrison, playing beautifully; crowds of people, young and old, beautiful and otherwise, walking, lounging, beer drinking, ice cream eating, smoking, talking, the soldier and the civilian, the priest and the rascal; personages with rows of medals on their breasts, personages without medals eating dirt to them; the local social villain, the cosmopolitan social villain; the Church, the State, war, peace, art, science, good, bad, virtue, sin, all mingling together in the moving crowd, all brushing skirts in the garden of the Cursaal; and in the lulls of music, as it became soft and sweet, out from the open windows, far above the noise of the crowd without, far above the suppressed breathing and low murmurings of the four struggling crowds within, came the chink, chink, chink of gold, and the cries of the bankers as the cards were dealt and the stakes lost or won.

We dined, Mr. V. and I, at the Hotel Grimenwalde—a very good dinner, including wine—for, I think, one and a half guilders, and while we ate an hour and a half (six courses and dessert) two pretty Tyrolese girls played very charmingly their native music, with guitar and pipe and castinets, and with several other instruments to me unknown by name. It was very pretty—so novel too. They

wore the shepherdess hat, with a rosette and feather, and short dresses of gay color, low laced corsage, black velvet jackets and ruffles of lace at the shoulders, and their beautiful bare necks and arms were very attractive, and altogether they looked very picturesque I can assure you. After dinner and coffee we took a ride up out of the valley in which Wiesbaden lies so snugly, by a picturesque road, to the Russian Chapel, an expensive structure in colored marbles, containing considerable richness in interior decoration and the tomb of some noted female, whose effigy in white marble, caps the tomb (*vide* Baedecker.) Through the grating and pink colored glass of the side door, opposite the tomb, a view in panorama of the valley and Wiesbaden is had. The effect of the light and color of the glass on the landscape is beautiful, and produces a picture more like the creation of some fantastic magic than natural scenery. By another road we gained the Cursaal Park again, and took tea in the garden, walked about after and visited the gambling tables again. The same insatiable, eager crowds, the same monotonous voiced bankers, the same chinking of gold, the same stoic and dispassioned faces, the same excited and passionate ones. A beautiful looking young woman, and yet one in whom no one could be mistaken as to her profession, threw a large sealed roll of gold and some bank notes on the table. Whirr, whirr, went the roulette, and click, click, click the ivory ball. It stopped. "Dix et Rouge," cried the banker; the little wooden rake went out, the roll of gold and the bank notes were taken in. The young woman in her expensive laces and rustling silk turned away from the table without an expression, a smile upon her face, a devil-may-care look in her eye. She had lost six thousand florins.

And people from all Europe come *here* to escape the heat

and noise, and excitement of great cities! The world is mad, dear reader; but if we tell it so, we may be ourselves put in a mad-house. People come here for their health of body to the detriment of their health of mind. They bring their children with them too. The report of a pistol sometimes echoes on the midnight air, and a mutilated corpse is found—a suicide. Men are ruined in fortune and health here; yet here they come for health. Women lose their virtue here who never had an evil thought before. Men rob and steal, borrow and beg here, who never would have done so had they stayed away. Yet the games go on. Still the Hell of Earthly Hells exists, and like the car of Juggernaut, counts its victims, self immolated, year after year. If Sadowa did no other good, it did the good of giving Prussia the authority to say to the bankers of Wiesbaden, Homborg, Baden Baden, "you may play for four years, in 1872 you must stop." And the Grand Duke of Nassau, who gets his revenue from it must then look for honest employment.

The illuminated fountains in the Park, as we left to take the cars for Castel, arrested my attention for some minutes. The effect was magical and enchanting. It was fairy-like, celestial.

The night after returning from Wiesbaden was spent at Castel again, and on the following morning we took an early breakfast and the cars for Frankfort, where we arrived at ten o'clock, and settled ourselves at the Hotel Landsburg, an old-fashioned house, or rather a half dozen of old-fashioned houses, in a narrow street with narrow courts all around them, but very well kept and very well patronized. We dined at table d'hote at one o'clock, took coffee at a café in the square near by, walked thence to the garden and waited there for the sun to get lower before

taking a ride. It was intensely hot, and we did not call a carriage until after five o'clock. The ride was for the most part in the new portion of the city, which is very beautiful, like most European cities formerly fortified, and whose walls have given place to beautiful gardens and palatial residences. Frankfort enjoys the reputation of being the richest of the free German cities, and certainly if one can judge correctly from appearances, it fully shows it. Beautiful gardens, beautiful flowers, beautiful houses greet the eye at every turn. We rode for quite a distance along the river's bank; the Main was rather dry I should think—it had certainly room between its banks for a large body of water, but the stream was scarcely wider than a country brook with us. We drove through the Jewish quarter, where the houses, built of wood and cement, went up from the narrow street, growing broader at each story until they almost meet across it. So old, so quaint, so wretched looking, so like the pictures that Gustave Doré draws of streets in Ancient Paris. The house where the Rothschild was born and laid the foundation of his colossal fortune was shown us; it was miserable like the others; the house where Gœthe died was little better.

The monuments of Güttenberg, Luther, Schiller and the churches were visited, and then we went back to the hotel to tea, first stopping to hear the music at the Zoölogical Garden, which was crowded with citizens of Frankfort, enjoying themselves after the heat of the day. We took an ice-cream here and spent half an hour looking at the animals and some of the curious birds, etc. After tea we drove to the *Café Chantant* and drank beer, and listened to some songs and amusing dialogues, the aim of which seemed to be to ridicule the new order of things since Prussia has control of the city and its wealth. An amusing

story is told of the wit of one of Frankfort's citizens and the folly of the Prussian authorities, as follows: It seems that the city, in addition to other taxes imposed by Prussia, is obliged to maintain the Prussian garrison, and furnish each man with so much bread, a pound of meat and six segars daily. They were playing *Shylock* at the theatre, shortly after the conclusion of the war, and at that part where the judge declares that *Antonio* must pay the forfeit of the bond, viz., "a pound of flesh," which also means meat in German, some one in the gallery cried out, "and six segars," which was considered so good a joke that the demonstrations of its enjoyment interrupted the play. Instead of taking no notice of the amusing incident, the Prussian authorities caused the theatre to be closed and an apology to be made by the City Government before it could be re-opened.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, I bade farewell to my friend Mr. V., who was intending to remain some time in Frankfort, and started for Heidelberg. The scenery was rather interesting, but the weather so hot as to make it tiresome even to exert oneself to look at it. Our carriage was full of smokers too, and the bother I had experienced in getting my baggage weighed and safely started for the train had put me out of humor; so, on the whole, I was not enchanted with the trip, and was glad enough when at half-past two we arrived at Heidelberg and the Hotel Schrieder.

There was an English family on the train from Frankfort to Heidelberg, and this English family was so eccentric, so odd, so English and so unable to prevent any one from knowing it, that really I enjoyed them as much as a play. They had a first-class carriage all to themselves, and from its six windows, whenever the train stopped, six heads,

from the father to the youngest son (a boy of 8 or 10, with a tall hat and a cane), appeared. Of course, if they had a first-class carriage, they had it to themselves, because no one in Germany but noblemen and fools (and I have heard some people say Americans) travel in first-class carriages; yet my lord, or my English traveler at least, saw good to put a guilder in the guard's hands, and tell him in the most English manner possible that he desired to be "without company, you know, if you please." My English traveler—I must hang on to him a while longer, though it is far from my mind to be personally unpleasant or disagreeable with him—was a man of fifty odd years, with irreproachable whiskers, in style what the French call *favoris*, and as gray as a badger; he was quite lean and quite tall, and wore a short shooting coat and extremely tight pantaloons; he carried a telescope at his waist, suspended by a strap, and on the other side, to correspond with it, a traveling sack. He never walked, he ran, and he never ran without a hop, skip and jump step, peculiar to a game well known to me in my school days. When I first saw him, he carried in his right hand a portmanteau, and in his left a hat box, and several canes and umbrellas. Each of the boys were correspondingly loaded: and each of the three girls, the old one his wife, and the two young ones his daughters, were band-boxed and bundled to the eyes, and all very fearful that they were going astray, appealing to their Pa, in chorus, to know was he sure he was right. The oldest girl—I mean the wife and mother—was not far behind the father in point of years, for her hair was gray, too, and her features very boney, but she was dressed, believe me, like a fair shepherdess, and only wanted the bundles taken from her, a crook given her, and the usual traditional back-ground of an arcadian pasture with very white and clean sheep in it,

all with ribbons about their necks, to make the picture complete. The children looked like dwarf specimens of their parents, the boys very like their father, the girls very like their mother; their features were as pinched, their eyes as wondering, their dress as absurd, their hair a good deal whiter. They were at the table when I went to dine in the Hotel Schrieder, and when I was taking coffee in the garden I saw them all setting out, opera-glass and guide-book in hand, for a walk, all looking as if they had no idea of where they were going, yet going there with all their might.

I enjoyed my dinner very much at Heidelberg, and when I enjoy eating a good dinner, I always enjoy digesting it; so I sipped my coffee and smoked my segar in the shady garden of the Hotel Schrieder, until four o'clock, when I took a carriage and got rid of an importuning guide, and started off to view the beauties of Heidelberg. For a way the road led along the banks of the Neckar, unfolding, at every turn, new beauties in the landscape, of the grandest description. The Heidelberg itself, green with wild verdure to its summit, seemed a towering giant among the surrounding hills. As the road was winding upward all the while, and changing, the scenery became more grand and beautiful, until it seemed to me impossible to imagine anything more charming or impressive. The first halt we made was at the Wolfsbrunnen, a wild, weird spot, where there are trout-breeding ponds, and where I was shown all arrangements for breeding the fish and preserving them, by a girl with a sore mouth, who asked me, when I had paid her a liberal fee, to remember the poor. I saw some beautiful trout in one of the boxes opened for my inspection—several of the fish could not have weighed less than five pounds.

From the Wolfsbrunnen to the Chatlet, an eminence over-

looking the valley of the Neckar, the town of Heidelberg, and the ruined Castle; a beautiful view, with mountains on one hand for back-ground, and the Rhine in the far distant sunshine, with the Neckar flowing towards it, and winding in and out at the mountains' feet like a thread of silver. The Chatlet is a sort of restaurant and café, as well as a point of observation; and the Chatlet is possessed among other rare and charming qualities, of a waiter—none of your ordinary waiters either—but a waiter of merit, and a waiter of disagreeable merit too to the traveler. This waiter, who is a master of languages as well, approached me in a deferential and waiterly manner, addressed me in the English language, and assured me, as he asked my opinion of the view, that many of my countrymen (Americans) annually visited Heidelberg, and the Chatlet, offered me a spy-glass to view the scenery through, and a bit of red glass, designated (with his napkin) the most interesting points in the landscape; and after exhausting (as I imagined) his volubility, concluded by taking it as a matter of course that I was thirsty, and asking me what wine I preferred to drink, recommending me at the same time to try a small bottle of Neckar champagne, with a glass of beer for my coachman. I confess this master of the waiters' art was too much for me; and in the height of my admiration for his genius and his natural fitness for his occupation, I admitted my thirstiness, the half bottle of Neckar for myself, and the glass of beer for the coachman, to quench it. A wine glass full of the bubbling beverage sufficed me; then I called this reminiscence of David Copperfield to me, and asked him how he knew I was an American, at the same time telling him I did not care for the wine, and he might drink the rest of it, which he did with great gusto. The coachman had told him I was an Ameri-

can, and the coachman had learned at the hotel; and after I had paid the cost of the beer and the wine, and as I sat contemplating the beautiful landscape, I wondered how many commissions were annually divided between the voluble waiter, the coachman, and his informer at the hotel, resulting from visits paid by strangers to the Chatlet at Heidelberg.

There was more to interest me on that afternoon's drive, than the romantic scenery and the varying landscape; there were women and children working bareheaded in the sun, reaping, ploughing, binding sheaves; there were cows harnessed to drags and lumbering clumsy carts and harrows of the year one; there were wretched looking children at every turn in the road, offering fruit and offering flowers for sale; there were ragged beggar children, chasing the carriage with a patience, incredible as the distance they ran, asking for alms. There were many such instances during the ride to make me thoughtful and moralizing.

From the Chatlet to the Castle—the grandest ruin in Germany, through stone gateways, over draw-bridges, long, stationary, under-arched passages, which have long since ceased to echo the tramp of armored men, and whose portcullis chains have rattled for the last time, many, many years ago, into a vast court-yard—the court-yard of the castle of Heidelberg. There are rows of empty carriages here, hired by sight-seers, and there are sight-seers themselves in groups and singly; there are artists, amateurs and professional, with sketch-book and camp-stool, taking *croquis* of an old gateway, a ruined arch, a broken statue, a carved window, a griffin's head, all to be found in this, the grandest ruin in all Germany.

For a small sum, a ticket and a guide admit me into vast halls in ruin; the reception-room of the counts of the Palatinat, their banqueting halls, the kitchen, where an ox was often roasted whole, the prisons, whose victims and whose secrets make their associations terrible and blood-chilling, the chamber of relics, the chapel, the wine cellar, the tottering towers, ivy-clad and weird-looking, the terrace, the Tun of tuns, the vast chamber, once a chapel, then a ball-room, then a cooperage. An hour or two is spent in seeing these, and as interesting an hour or two as I ever spent in my life.

I met two young American travelers here who had walked over most of Switzerland and Germany on foot; their ages were respectively 18 and 19. It is a school I most earnestly believe in.

Then down the steep hill again, into the quiet nestling town of Heidelberg.

CHAPTER V.

HEIDELBERG STUDENTS—THE ROAD TO STRASBURG—JULES CLARTIE—STRASBURG SIGHTS—THE CATHEDRAL AND GREAT CLOCK—MUSIC AND AN OPINION FROM CLARTIE—ADVICE GRATIS TO THE TRAVELER—HOTELS, RAILWAYS, ETC.—GERMANS, AND SOME GERMAN CUSTOMS—STRASBURG TO PARIS—HENRI ROCHEFORT, AND SOME EXTRACTS FROM "LA LANTERNE."

If before leaving Heidelberg, I detain you with a few remarks in reference to its students, "famed in story," you must pardon me, and if in these few remarks in reference to its students, I tread, be it heavily or lightly, upon the mental corns of any seeker after knowledge in the University of Heidelberg, or whilome of the University, or anticipating the University, I must excuse myself with an apology for wounding the feelings of any human being, above all the feelings of a student, and above all and all, a student of Heidelberg, on the ground that "I am nothing if not critical."

The student of Heidelberg then is a foolish fellow, he is a fop, he is a beer drinking, wrangling, dog in the manger wretch, who seeks to annoy those who do not drink beer or wrangle, and who are not fops or foolish like himself. To prove that he is a foolish fellow, I have but to say that in the nineteenth century, the man who with a blind and mistakened sense of honor, stands up before his fellow-man—perhaps his friend—and hacks at him with a fencing foil until one or the other of them loses the end of his nose, or a slice from his cheek, or gets a gash under his eye, the

scar of which will last a life time—I say that when a man does such a foolish and disgraceful thing, and then calls it "satisfying his honor," I say that man is a fool.

To prove that he is a fop, I ask you to look at him; he is a model for a tailor's shop, and wears a cap two-thirds too small for his head; he keeps it there by means of an elastic band passing behind his ears and under his hair, after the manner of adjusting hats on chignons; he may have the best eyes in the world, but he must torture them with a frightful squint to hold a single eye-glass in his right eye and stare with it at a woman; he is a wrangling, quarrel hunting wretch, because if you in a public place say to your friend, or him perchance, that yonder white house contrasts prettily with the surrounding green, he will tell you that the house is not white, and that the contrast with the surrounding green is not at all pretty, and insult you if you argue with him.

He is a beast at beer-drinking, for when he can no longer hold it, he relieves himself with a stomach-pump and then commences drinking again. I grant you many exceptions, but as a rule such is the student. Of course when they grow older, they must look back to these student days, as days mixed up with folly; they must regard their former ideas of honor as mistaken ideas, and they must look upon the student's private life as a necessary and melancholy fact; yet no effort is made it seems to ameliorate their social condition. Yet great minds have been developed at the Heidelberg University. Great men have honored it with their names in student days; great hearts have sighed in studious grief within its classic shades o'er man's degrading baseness, and here great souls have learned to praise what little godliness mankind can boast of; and thus we leave the

student, merely quoting as we go, "good in all, and none all good."

At nine o'clock next morning I left Heidelberg the beautiful, on the express train for Strasburg, my next resting place. The country through which we passed was charming, the day delightful, the air salubrious, and although the ride was somewhat tiresome, it was enjoyed by me very much; and rendered doubly agreeable by the society of a gentleman who entered our carriage at Carlsruhe, and with whom it was my good fortune to become by accident acquainted—Jules Clartie, a young and already distinguished French journalist, whose erudition and sociability charmed me completely.

At half past two we entered Strasburg by the Porte d' Austerlitz, with monotonous fortifications to the right and to the left, deep moats dry and grass covered, high embankments dotted with masonry, frowning brick work and granite walls with black guns watching from embrasures, terraces, and parapets, and moving squads of soldiers, indicate very plainly that this frontier town of France, is well protected.

I was amused with a sign at the base of a high peaked roof of a country inn, just outside the fortifications. It is: "*On loge à cheval et à pied,*" conveying to the weary or belated traveler—the gates of the city are closed at eleven, P. M.—the information that, "Travelers, foot and horse, can lodge here," but reading literally, "*Travelers lodged on horse-back and on foot.*"

At the Strasburg *gare* we all huddled into a room to claim our baggage. The French Custom officers are on the watch, and I am contemplating again the disagreeable necessity of the examination, but am agreeably disappointed. He (the officer next me) says: "Have you anything in it

(my trunk), liable to duty?" "No, sir;" I reply. He chalks a letter on it, and the examination is over; he takes my word for it, and saves me the annoyance of having my clothes pulled over and "mussed." This man holds his office for life; he knows, the moment he sees a physiognomy, whether or no the physiognomy is owned by a smuggler or a gentleman, traveling, and acts accordingly. It is his profession to have studied men so well as to know them; and he is *au fait* in his profession.

We, Clartie and myself, descend at the Hotel de la Maison Rouge, a roomy house in the Place Kelber. In the centre of the square is a statue of the general. His remains are buried beneath the statue—a strange spot for a tomb, it has been said, but I think appropriate; for to the left is the Caserne with soldiers, *en faction*, soldiers hanging about the portals, in groups, soldiers lounging on the door steps, soldiers chatting and smoking on the sidewalk, soldiers drawn up in line, just starting to relieve a guard.

I took an early breakfast at Heidelberg, and am hungry; so I order a beefsteak (filet), with *sauce maderè*, fried potatoes, a half bottle of Medoc, which, with bread and butter, constitute a lunch—and the price of it three francs, twenty-five centimes—sixty-five cents—served up as good as Delmonico can do it, with an attentive waiter standing near. Refreshed in body by the lunch, I smoke a segar, seated on a chair just outside the hotel door, on the street, where some twenty oleanders, in large tubs, and blooming, assist the imagination to absurd vagaries. Then I walk to the Protestant church of St. Thomas, and spend half an hour contemplating the tomb of the Marshal of Saxe, acknowledged and world-renowned as the *chef d'œuvre* of Pigalle—certainly a beautiful group of chiseled marble; also see two mumified

bodies here, very, very old, and very, very disgusting to look at.

The cathedral, and the museum opposite it, was next visited. The museum contains parts of the cathedral fallen to decay, and models and *fac-similes* of some of its exterior decorations; it also contains the dissected remains of the original "Great Clock."

There was a woman-keeper in the museum, to show me around. She must have been crossed in love at an early age, and broken her heart over it, for she was as miserable a looking woman as ever lived, and she had a voice as miserable as herself; it was a voice without flexion or accent, and sounded like one high note of a melodeon in bad order, the bellows of which were extremely weak, yet could raise wind enough to keep that *one note* going, but no others. And this miserable woman, with her voice pitched at one key and one note, told off her story in her peculiar melancholy melodeon style, with such a broken-hearted look, that I was glad when I got out of the place. And she was so well learned in her way of telling her story, that she dared to get off a joke at the expense of the brazen cock, which whilome crowed when the dissected clock was yet telling the hours, and the stars, and the eclipses, and the other things its successor tells to-day. It was a wretched farce. Poor creature! poor soul!

There is a stair-case in the Museum that is very beautiful. It is circular, and built of stone, and winds to the top of the house. When looking up its centre you imagine you are looking through a long rifled cannon, the muzzle of which terminates just before a beautiful purple-stained glass bull's-eye sky-light.

The exterior beauty of the Cathedral is striking and wonderful; it is the most delicate stone-work, and excels

anything I have ever seen in Gothic architecture. You would imagine it to be built of iron, so light and fragile does it appear. Its interior barrenness is also very striking, and inclines you to a desire to get outside again as soon as possible. I went up on the top of the platform at the base of the great tower—the highest spire in the world. It was a dizzy height, and I grew nervous every time I looked below me. "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb," except those who have climbed it. I was glad to take a seat and rest myself 15 minutes, and register my name in a book kept for that purpose. Far below lay the busy city of tiled roofs, but no noise came from it to my ears, save a dull hum, like the tumble of a distant waterfall. Moving things in the streets were without shape. The regiments of soldiers, in line, before the arsenal, looked like a swarm of flies; their gleaming bayonets alone told they were soldiers. The Vosges Mountains are wonderfully distinct from here. The Black Forest, in Germany, over the frontier, looks like the dismal Book of Dismal Tales it really is. I go into the base of the spiring tower with the watchman, to see the clock strike. I decline to purchase views of Strasbourg at twice the price of shops in the town, which he not only offers me, but bores me with, until I am compelled to emphatically and angrily repeat my disinclination to purchase, after which he asks my pardon and goes off. Then down the weary circle of steps, down the long stone shaft, following the thread of that gigantic screw, with its 440 steps, to the street again. Phew! It's too much of a good thing. I once vowed, after reaching the cross on St. Paul's, London, and gaining *terra firma* once more, that I never would go up into a church steeple, cathedral spire, or watch tower's top again; but I forgot myself at Strasbourg, besides, it's the highest church

tower *in the world.* I repeated the vow though when I got through with my climb.

The clock here is a wonder. I was astounded at its mechanism and its accuracy. It is easier to say what it don't do regarding time, than to tell what it does; it is the product of a brain, in my opinion superior to the inventors of steam engines or telegraphs; these are more the results of accident, the clock is the result of the most wonderful mental labor and patience unwavering. It is calculated to run eternally. At midnight on the 31st of December of each year it regulates itself without any assistance.

I dined at table d'hote at six, walked after with Clartie to the Place Broglie, where we took coffee, and sat till ten o'clock listening to the music of the military band stationed in a pavillion in the centre of the square. All Strasbourg seemed to be there. An old woman came around collecting two sous from each person occupying one of the straw bottomed chairs set out in rows under the trees—those who preferred to hear the music gratis had but to stand. Many preferred to hear it gratis, and many like Clartie and myself preferred to take seats, thinking that the concert was too good to be missed, and to be appreciated should be listened to attentively, and to be listened to attentively must be sat down to. I sighed to him as we sat there under the trees in the balmy night air, that we in the United States, did not have more of such things, that it was only occasionally twice a week, and only in our largest cities with large parks that we had music.

"Ah! happy people!" exclaimed Clartie, "happy people, who do not have music forced upon you, and who do not have the money to pay for it forced from you." Yet here they call this making pleasure for the people, and they tax the people for all the pleasures they have, I can

assure you: and also tax them for their own pleasures, which are by no means as limited as what they term the "people's pleasures."

As you have been kind enough, reader, to follow me safe over the frontier of Germany, into the old town of Strasbourg, I will ask your attention to "a few hints to travelers" that have occurred to me in my Germanic experience. Whether these "hints" be of use or not, matters little, they directly or indirectly influence the traveler, and although after the manner of most Americans, you may prefer to learn from your own experience, still being charged with this matter, I must "shoot it off" before proceeding.

German hotels are generally good, travelers are comfortably and fairly taken care of, if they have a mind to be. It is not right to find fault with every little inconvenience. If you travel you must expect to meet them everywhere, you cannot carry "home comforts" with you, and you must learn to overcome your desire to find fault at discomforts which you will be continually encountering. If you cannot do this you had better stay at home. You will find if you arrive at a hotel with an extra quantity of baggage, and give yourself great airs, find fault with this, that, and the other, that when you come to pay your bill, it will be a bill fit for a lord or a fault-finder; you had better go quietly, ask for what you want quietly, and when you pay for it you will find that you are not paying too much, and that you are treated with more consideration than a person whom nothing suits. I would recommend that if you are staying any length of time at a hotel, to keep a memoranda of all or any extras you may command, and to pay your bill as often at least as weekly, and to request an explanation of any item which you may not understand.

It is disagreeable to pay for a room, and then pay extra

for what belongs, or ought to belong, to it. The charge for candles and for waiters seems outrageous to an American, and that, too, when the hotel has none of the comforts of an American hotel.

Always ask for your bill several hours before your intended departure, and insist on its being brought very soon after being asked for; if you don't, you will not get it until the last moment, and will not have time to examine it or correct any errors it may contain. The landlords know this. I never knew of a hotel bill that had a mistake in it in favor of the traveler, and I have known many hotel bills with errors in them.

There are more Hotel Victorias in Germany (particularly in the middle and southern parts) than any other. They stare you in the face at every town and city; they charge more than others just as good—except that they are not Hotel Victorias—which to the English traveler makes a vast difference; and they are generally so crowded that you are not attended to so well as at a non-Victoria hotel.

The *table d'hote* of the German hotels is by no means as pleasant as in France. Some of the tables are so narrow that you run great risk of bringing your knees in contact with those of your *vis-à-vis*, and very often, unless you protest, no clean knives and forks are given with the different courses. They take the same ones from your plate and lay them, stained with gravy or with what you may have been eating, on the table cloth, and expect you to eat the next course with them. These, however, are exceptions. Wine is cheap and generally good; I suppose good, because it is cheap; it don't pay to give bad wine, "there's no money in it."

The railroads in Germany are well managed; not as fast as in England or France, but very safe. There are four

classes of carriages. The first class carriages are generally found empty. The second class are quite as good as first class in France or England. The third class is comfortable looking, but generally patronized by poor laboring people, and, I have heard, carry more living passengers than human. The fourth class is horrible, has no seats, and people stand in them like cattle. Traveling by rail is very expensive in Germany. You can go in the United States a thousand miles for what they charge in Germany for three or four hundred. The conductor, guards and railroad employees are uniformed, and many of them, particularly at the ticket offices and baggage rooms, speak French and English. Cab drivers are also uniformed; they have printed tariffs, and are obliged to show them whenever demanded; they consequently cannot impose on you. The charges are moderate.

German towns all look alike, quaint, obsolete, ancient, dull. The great drink of Germany, beer, is bitter, mild, and cheap. There is a wonderful distinction in Germany between high and low classes, the rich and the poor. This is particularly remarkable to Americans. The King is spoken of everywhere with as much loyalty and veneration as the Emperor of France is spoken of with hatred and contempt. The prevailing religion, particularly in the south of Germany, is Roman Catholic; but I think there are as many Germans without religion as with it, *i. e.*, professors of religion. Living is quite cheap in Germany, particularly in the southern part, where good wine costs about twenty cents per bottle. The Germans are hospitable, kind, domestic, happy of disposition, joyful and merry, without being gay or intoxicated with pleasure. The women are phlegmatic and spiritless almost, but make good wives and mothers. They have some absurd conventionalities in German society, and are

extravagantly fond of titles; and so far do they carry this frivolous pride, that the wife, daughter and sons of an honorable, a professor, a doctor, a consul, or an inspector, are addressed as Mrs. Doctoress, Mrs. Honorable, Mrs. Consul-General, Mrs. Inspectress, or Master Consul-General, or Miss Inspectress, as the case may be. Of course this is the height of folly to us Americans, and I know some Germans who think so too.

Having relieved myself of this matter, I will proceed on my journey.

The morning I left Strasbourg I was up quite early, and strolled out about the town, observing and taking mental notes as usual.

There is a stream of water running through Strasbourg, and it is called a river. It has steep banks on either side, and bridges of heavy stone thrown across it. It has boats, (?) flat-bottomed boats, and covered with a house to the very gunwale, so that they look like floating houses, and in these floating houses are washerwomen. They hang over the edge of the boats, out of its doors, and out of its windows; and they slap their soiled linen into the muddy stream, and beat it with a stick on the cill of door or window, and thus they wash. The name of the river (?) is the Lil. I can easily imagine its once having been called Lilliput; and my only wonder is, (having established the fact in my imagination) that the name was ever changed.

At ten o'clock we left the city—famous for its clock, its cathedral, and its goose liver patés—and sped along over the beautiful country of Alsace, Lorraine, and Champagne. Charming landscapes, with white walls of distant towns peeping from luxuriant foliage at us now and then; picturesque cottages, quaint implements of agriculture, beautiful hedges; on a distant hill the ruin of some feudal

castle; nearer, in a quiet valley, the shining roof of some nobleman's chateau.

> "And peasant girls with deep 'black' eyes,
> And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
> And fields which promise corn and wine."

And thus, with something beautiful in landscape at every turn, and with the social and friendly Clartie to talk with, I enjoyed the hours from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.—from Strasbourg to Paris—more than I have enjoyed a railroad ride for many a day. We breakfasted at Nancy, and dined (table d'hote) at Rancy; but the other meal we had to leave to Fancy

Among other topics of conversation between Mr. Clartie and myself during the ride from Strasbourg to Paris, the topic of Henry Rochefort, of "*La Lanterne*" fame, was discussed. Rochefort was self-ostracised in Brussells, printing his pamphlet and disseminating his revolutionary and wild ideas from that city. The Tribunal having his case in hand, had condemned him on two charges to fourteen months imprisonment, and twenty thousand francs ($4,000) fine. The sale of "La Lanterne" was prohibited in Paris and France, and stopped at all the frontier post-offices by the agents of the government. I might go off here into a long dissertation on the weakness of absolute monarchies, and the fear of grasping emperors; but as I can't treat the subject with sufficient time and attention, I pass on.

There was an overcoat in our carriage belonging to one of its occupants, and in the inside pocket of that overcoat was No. 11—the famous No. 11 of La Lanterne—"printed at Brussels, the 8th of August, 1868." I borrowed it, and took considerable pleasure in reading it, possibly enhanced by the fact that its circulation in France was interdicted. It is a small pamphlet, with a blood-red cover, and looks

as inflammable as it really is. There is a wood cut of an old watch lantern on the cover, and grotesque letters define the wood-cut. It was terribly satiric and gallingly severe against what the Prussian "Punch" calls "He," meaning Napoleon III.

Rochefort must be a misanthrope and a cynic, and must regard Napoleon as the embodiment of mankind. He must be a terribly disagreeable fellow; he must be cold and bloodless; he must be one of that kind who covet martyrdom, and prefer to die at the stake or on the rack to any natural way of ending this life. He must study to displease those in power by studying to please those who are not. He is popular, and every Frenchman who is not in the Emperor's interest loves him. Clartie is a journalist, and naturally thinks Rochefort an abused and ill-treated man. You know his first offence I suppose, if not, I will repeat the story here. In an early number of "La Lanterne" he published the following:

Scene, a café in Paris; time, evening; epoch, nineteenth century. Enter gentleman—"Waiter, bring me some coffee and 'La France' (newspaper)."

Garcon—"Yes sir; but 'La France' is engaged; if you will wait until it is *libre* (free), you shall have it."

Gent—"Wait until 'La France' is free; oh! that will never be."

For this "La Lanterne" was suppressed.

I remember only two of the bitter satires in No. 11, and here they are. I give them as samples of "La Lanterne's" style, and allowance must be made for the loss, in translation, of their piquancy:

"In announcing the new issue of four hundred millions, which the growing prosperity of our finances obliges us to borrow, the *Moniteur* adds naively: 'The (*jouissance*) enjoy-

ment of the loan will be from the first of July.' The 'enjoyment!' How these financiers have words of their own. It is like a judge saying to an accused man, 'you are condemned to death upon the scaffold, prepare yourself for the *enjoyment* of the guillotine to-morrow."

Again:

"It is very important to me that I do not constitute myself a prisoner until after the 15th of August (the Emperor's birth-day). The men who have done everything possible to dishonor me, are capable of pushing their perfidy even to sending me a pardon under pretext of national rejoicings. We must try and avoid that. It would be the unkindest cut of all."

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL AT PARIS—THE STREETS BY NIGHT—THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES—CAFÉS CHANTANT—MR. B———, AND THE WAY HE "AMUSED" ME—PARIS, AND ITS PLEASURES—MR. G—MY FRIEND MR. VESEY AGAIN—BATTLE OF SOLFERINO—*Je me souviens.*

After the confusion necessary to the examination of baggage at the railway station in Paris, is somewhat abated, I manage to get at my trunk, and finally secure a porter to take it to the carriage I had engaged while waiting admission to the examining room, and soon after its deposit on the roof of the vehicle we started for the Grand Hotel.

I was a boy when in Paris last, but the impressions Paris made then upon my mind are as fresh as ever, and as I am carried along its shining streets remember vividly that the same scenes of years gone by are but renewed again. The same brilliantly lighted streets, the same illuminated shop windows, the same glaring cafés, the same peopled thoroughfares, the same confusion, gayety, wild joy and reckless dissipation are apparent everywhere. "Paris! the only city in the world worth living in," is changed only in that it be more beautiful, more gay, more dissipated, more extravagant, more revolutionary, more expensive, more fashionable, more modern. The people are Paris; without the people what would Paris be? "A banquet hall deserted."

At half-past ten I alighted in the court of the Grand Hotel, secured a room on the fourth floor at five francs per day, including *service*, went up to it in the "dummy," made

my *toilette*, went down to the court again, and walked out upon the Boulevard. Where shall I go? The brilliancy of gaslight makes the night seem day, and promenaders confirm the illusion. I am without a companion in this world of a city to-night, and so I wander along the Boulevard, observing and thinking. By the Madelaine, through the Rue Royale, across the Place de la Concorde, at the other end of which I see lights in countless numbers and hear the distant strains of music. I know it well, 'tis the Champs Elysées: the lights are the lights of the open air concerts, or Cafés Chantant, for which the Champs Elysées are famous, and the music is the music of their orchestras. What shall I do? I can't go to bed yet, with these beautifully lighted streets, so gay and wide awake about me, with the strains of music coming to my ears from arcadian bowers; with every passing man, woman and child so boisterously happy. No! I can't go to bed yet; it's too early; it seems too early. The very coachmen, who with us at home would be dozing on their boxes at this hour, are wide awake and looking for business. So I keep on towards the Champs Elysées, that magnet attracting me as it attracts many others, towards it. I pass through a natural gateway in a boxwood hedge, eight or ten feet high, into a Café Chantant. Rows of seats, rows of tables, crowds of people being amused, a stage, an orchestra, and "a talented company of artists" amusing them; waiters, the proverbial French *garçons*, running hither and thither, always on hand, always servile, always polite, always attentive, always waiters, omnipresent. Rows of Chinese lanterns swing between trees, rows of gaslights behind them, the scene as brilliant as if noonday's sun were shining on it, and it alone; uproarious applause when the song is ended, and calls to the waiters for "*Bocks*," "*Mazagrands*," "*Cafés*," "*Groseilles*," etc. Such is the Café Chan-

tant. There is no charge for admission, but you are expected to order something to drink. Alcoholic beverages are not popular in France ('tis a curse to America that they are popular with us); so the evening spent at a Café Chantant, is an evening rationally and soberly spent. There are no drunkards at the Café Chantant. There are no rows, no loafers, and no "musses" there, and the people who frequent them are generally, but not necessarily, working people, and this is one of their pleasures. Just as the last performance concluded it commenced to sprinkle rain, so I took a cab back to the hotel (35 sous including *pour boire*) and went to bed, although I felt that it was a shame, a great shame, to leave the brilliantly lighted streets.

My first business next morning was to call at my bankers, and thence to the office of a French gentleman, to whom I had a letter of introduction. I had an idea that if there was any one thing we United Statesians, could brag about, it was our "hospitality;" but judging from the manner in which I was received by Mr. B——, the French are up to us if not ahead of us in their hospitality to strangers. I was warmly received, invited to breakfast—I had just breakfasted; then I must dine with him at six at Passy. I accepted with thanks. Where was I stopping? How long was I to remain in Paris? I must be "amused." Was I alone? Yes. Then I must have a companion who knew Paris of to-day, and who could "amuse me." He touched a little bell upon his desk, and an excessively French looking individual entered. Mr. ——, Mr. G. I was presented. Mr. G., you will relinquish your office duties to-day and wait upon Mr. ——. Amuse him as you best know how, and come with him, *chez moi* at Passy at six, to dine. I should go with you myself, Mr. ——, but I am very busy indeed; besides, Mr. G. is younger and can *amuse* you better. So

we left Mr. B. and went down into the street together. Mr. G. had not breakfasted, so we went to Peter's in the Passage des Princes, and before the meal was concluded we had become well acquainted and good friends.

We took a carriage and visited the Invalides, Notre Dame, the Morgue, rode to the Bois de Boulogne, strolled through the Horticultural and Botanical Gardens, and then went to the house of Mr. B., at Passy.

Passy is to Paris what Murray Hill is to New-York, provided Murray Hill adjoined Central Park. Passy was formerly an environ of Paris, now included in the city's limits, and Passy is alongside the Bois de Boulogne. The house of Mr. B. is his "hotel," and is approached through a gateway, opened after ringing a bell, by an unseen porter in a lodge near by, and through an avenue with high impenetrable hedges each side of it. This admits us to a garden, in the centre of which is the house, or houses, for there are two, of Mr. B. The garden is surrounded by high stone walls. *The* house is a small palace, the garden a small paradise. Mr. B. comes out to meet us, and leads me to the steps of the other house, where I am introduced to Mrs. B. "The other house" is a sort of lounging place, smoking-house, a quiet place to read or write in, too large to be called a summer-house, for it has two stories, and yet it is a summer-house. The grounds are perfect, the flowers beautiful and rare, and arbors and walks and real summer-houses to suit the most fastidious. The dinner is princely, and the attendants in dress coats and white gloves give it a relish. After dinner we traverse a magnificently furnished *salon*, cross a courtyard, the floor of which is marble, in Mosaic, with rare tropical plants in the centre and glass covered over head, to a pavillion or saloon, Oriental in design, and Oriental in luxury. There, seated on cushions

of down, with everything about us to cater to the most refined taste, we take coffee and light our segars. Says Mr. B. to Mrs. B., "Our friend, Mr. ——, is not to tarry long in Paris; he must be "amused"; he cannot amuse himself in the house with us. Mr. G., where will you take Mr. —— to-night? You had better, I think, take him to the Palais Royal" (theatre.) Again a magic bell brings in a dress coat and white gloves, and an order to harness horses to the coupé is given. Ten minutes later word comes that the coupé is ready, and with good evenings and kind invitations to come again on the part of Mr. and Mrs. B., and with sincere thanks and expressions of pleasure on my part, we enter the coupé, Mr. G. and I, and rattle out of the beautiful garden, through the beautiful avenue, into the streets of Passy, on our way to the Palais Royale in Paris, a heavy shower all the while. Three comedies at the Palais Royale, side-splitting and very Frenchy, *did* "amuse" me. After the theatre we walked to the Boulevards, up and down them, stopping now and then before a brilliant café, sitting on chairs upon the side-walks, talking, seeing the passing world, and wondering and thinking of this beautiful Paris. Midnight—Mr. G. lives at Montmartre. "Good night, Mr. ——." "Good night Mr. G., *à demain.*"

It will be of little interest to my readers, to know what I did in Paris every day, so I shall not trouble them with any detail under that head. Of course I saw all that could be seen there (in the limited space of two weeks); the museums, the palaces, the churches, the parks, the gardens, the theatres and the balls, were all visited, all admired, all wondered at, and with an increased interest since ten years ago. There were the shops of the Palais Royale and the shops of the Boulevards; there were the cafés and restaurants, there were men and manners to be studied, and there were women

and dress that could not be studied. There were the gay Champs Elysées crowded with *bonnes* and children, and loungers and itinerant merchants, and Punch and Judy booths in the day time, and wild with music and glare of light and pleasure-seekers in the night. There were rides to the *Bois* and the *Buttes Chaumont* and the *Parc Monceaux*, and the hundreds and thousands of carriages and their occupants to look at when you tire of the landscape. There was the kind, hospitable and generous Mr. B., who did his utmost, and succeeded too, in "amusing" me. There were the galleries of art, science and beauty at every turn. There were dinners at Passy and dinners at the Café American, and breakfast at Peter's, and *la bonne foi* and suppers at the Café Riche—glorious repasts. There was the *bal mabille*, with its three thousand gas jets, and its decently behaved habitués, and its elegant music and dancers, and its grottoes and illumined fountains and vine screened nooks. There was the *Closerie des Lilas*, with its savage students and badly behaved women and demoniac dancers, and wild, unchecked, uncontrollable joy, worth the lives of a regiment of *Chassepots*, to attempt to interfere with. There was the *Chateau Rouge*, with its historical associations and its pretty garden, where the *lorettes* and *grizettes* and *cocotes* of Montmartre dance till their lovers get tired and then go to bed to dream of it. There were the theatres, brilliant with good actors and actresses, crowded with critical audiences (chary of applause), orchestra'd with the best of music and devoted to the best of plays. There was the one unending round of pleasure, the one idea of joy and gayety, the one thought—free from care, the one magic and enchanted word—*Paris*.

My friend, Mr. G., is a Frenchman I fear, whose mind runs in the line of the mind of Henri Rochefort. I know that his opinion of the Third Napoleon is not the most ele-

vated opinion in the world, and I know that he don't relish having other people spend his money for him. I know that he reads *La Lanterne* when he can get a copy of it, and that he don't appreciate the Invalides or Versailles, because they both cost so "*sacré*" much money, and don't do any one but foreigners any good. That Versailles was the harem of Louis XIV., and that the people had to support its luxury. We went out there to see the *Grandes Eaux*, or the waters play. The day at starting was magnificent, but just before the fountains in that kingly park sent their white, glistening jets upward, the lowering sky sent water downward upon between fifteen or twenty thousand people gathered to see the "great waters" play. "*Certes!*" said Mr. G. to me, as we stood wet and dripping under a great elm tree, "*Certes! mon cher Monsieur*, you have seen the *grand waters* at Versailles with a vengeance." Later, when contemplating the Neptune Fountain in action, he observed, "*Ah mais!* this *sacré* Louis XIV. picked out a nice place for his mistresses, eh?" I know that Mr. G., if not the cynic I expect Mr. Rochefort to be, is at least an "honest hater" of nobility, titles and honorary appellatives. I shrewdly suspect that if Mr. G. was of the nobility, had titles and honorary appellatives, he would be less a hater of them than he now is. Said, I one day, "Mr. G., how many people we meet with the *ribon à la boutonnière*. How many decorations I see." "Ah, ça! but it is too much; I am tired of seeing them. You know, in olden times, they used to put the rascals (*coquins*) on the cross, now they put the crosses on the rascals. So the world goes." And as he takes his fiftieth pinch of snuff since morning, he lifts his shoulders in a deprecating manner, and hates nobility, titles and honorary appellatives more than ever.

One morning, as I came down into the court of the Grand

Hotel, I was surprised to meet there my friend and countryman, the United States Consul at Aix-la-Chapelle, Mr. W. H. Vesey, of whom I have already spoken in these pages. It was an agreeable surprise to me to meet Mr. Vesey in Paris; it was a pleasure to me to walk and talk and dine with him, infinitely greater than to "gad" about the Boulevards in search of amusements. He showed me where "Charley's" is, and we went several times together to the narrow street of *Gaudet Mauroy* and breakfasted on fish-balls and buckwheat cakes and baked beans, and always found Americans there, representatives of every section.

One morning, returning from the American Legation, as we entered the Champs Elysées, Mr. Vesey suggested that we should visit the Panorama of the Battle of Solferino, and which, though the name indicates nothing extraordinary, is certainly an effect in optical illusion I have never before seen the equal of. Entering the building and passing through a narrow stone passage, we ascend a spiral flight of stone steps and emerge from darkness into the light of mid day, upon the summit of a hill commanding the battle-field. The earth is disturbed and the sod ground to dust where we stand, as if horse and foot in thousands had passed but an instant before over the spot; to the right a broken musket, a canteen near it lay; further on a disabled piece of artillery, a portion of an exploded shell to the left, with a soldier's cap and part of his dress, all natural, all brought from the battle-field itself, and a landscape thirty miles in circumference, all painted. The illusion is perfect. One cannot realize that the canvass is but fifteen feet distant. If the roar of battle could have filled that place, I could hardly have believed I was not witnessing one. The *Cent Gardes* are coming up to the front, headed by the Emperor

and his Generals, with their staffs. It is the moment of victory; the distant heights are purple with the smoke of musketry; in the foreground an Austrian caisson is exploding and reflects its red light upon the ground at our feet; in the valley and through the orchards and fields, fruited and abundant, pour the French infantry, while up the hillside the retreating Austrians try to make a stand. In the opposite extreme distance the French reserves and troops not yet engaged, come on like the rush of many waters, their bugles sounding and their tricolor flags catching the light breezes, as the sky above smiles down upon the field of carnage. A struggle by the Austrians for a captured piece of artillery is wonderfully delineated, and the fierce passions of men in the life or death struggle is truthfully, yet frightfully portrayed. We stood there wrapt in wonder at the scene, and for a time unable to understand that we were looking at a painting on canvass, circular in form and but fifteen feet from the centre of the elevated spot whence we were contemplating it.

I must not forget to mention the delightful evening I spent at Mr. Von B.'s house in the Rue Turin, nor his hospitality, nor his kindness. I must not forget my friend Mr. G.,—his sarcastic allusions to the great, his satire on their acts, and his wit and the good-heartedness and generosity at the bottom of all; and above all I must not forget that the pleasure of my stay in Paris was greatly enhanced by my meeting with Mr. Vesey and by the kind attentions and solicitous efforts of Mr. B. for my "amusement."

"Sunny land of France, when I forget thee, then shall I forget to say my prayers."

CHAPTER VII.

HAVRE—OLD SCENES AND FACES—THE EXPOSITION—THE ORPHEONISTS—THE BULL FIGHT—HAVRE TO SOUTHAMPTON—STEAMER "HERMANN"—INCIDENTS ON THE PASSAGE TO NEW-YORK—ARRIVAL HOME.

I left Paris at 1 P. M. and arrived at Havre at 5.30 on Saturday. The cars were crowded with sportsmen and leather-cased fowling pieces, and when the train stopped at way stations, dismal howls from the baggage car gave evidence of the other necessary accompaniments to hunters—dogs.

I went immediately to the Hotel de l'Europe on my arrival at Havre, and was just in time to secure the only room not engaged, with a promise of a change for the better on the morrow. The steamer from New-York had just arrived and the hotel was overflowing. When they turn away a customer from a hotel in Europe you may depend they are full to overflowing.

I dined quietly at *table d'hote* and took a stroll on the street after. I say "the street," because all the life of Havre, all the pretty shops, and all the light, at night are on "the" street, and the name of the street is symbolic of its life, and pretty shops and brilliant lights; it is called the Street of Paris.

Ten years have made some changes in Havre, but no changes in the Rue de Paris: this Broadway of this provincial town is the same it was ten years ago, and as it will probably remain ten years to come. I strolled about on this street and down on to the *jetée*, where I saw great changes

and where I sat watching the bright moon and its silvery shadow on the water, and the lights away over the broad bay at Honfleur, and heard the music at Frascatti's, and I thought of my college life here, and the changes in myself are more than the changes in this old town. I sat there so long and became so lost in reveries, that it was ten o'clock before I had any idea of it, so I walked back to the hotel, still thinking of the changes in myself—the changes and the changing scenes from youth to manhood.

And the next day was Sunday. In the morning I called at the United States Consulate, and met my dear friend Mr. Taylor. He was very glad to see me, not more so than I to see him. I was a great favorite of his when at college here, and the recollection of his kindness to me then and the recollection of his kindness to me now, can never fade away. In his generous and hospitable manner he invited me to dine with him every day while I remained in Havre, and I did, with one exception. Mr. Hunt, too, the Vice-Consul here, was cordial, kind and very friendly, and I shall ever remember him with earnest friendship. I think I must be singularly fortunate in regard to friends, for I have met them during this trip everywhere, not passing acquaintances, but sincere and interested friends, and their efforts to make me happy have been deeply felt and affectionately appreciated.

The town, that Sunday, was crowded with country people and people from adjacent towns, and the streets were alive with them. The Orpheons, as they are termed, or singing societies of Normandy, were there to attend the exhibition and compete for prizes. They marched through the streets with bands of music and gorgeous banners and made a fine appearance. In the afternoon they assembled at the different places of amusement, where the singing contests took place.

The first prize was awarded to the Society of Roubaix (45 members. The singing was very good.

In the evening I went to the Exposition with Mr. Hunt. It was quite extensive as an exposition, but much more like a fair with us than an exposition, and particularly a marine exposition. The United States was very meagerly represented, and the marine portion of the exposition was the smallest, unless boots and shoes, tapestry and furniture, glass and chinaware, chocolate manufacturers and sewing machines, distilling apparatus and glass blowers come under the head "maritime," and I believe they don't generally. The aquarium was very good, and struck me as the only thing worth seeing. In the evening *Thérêsa* sang in the "Circle International" to a crowded house. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and the other performances were interrupted by the vociferous calls for *Thérêsa* to re-appear. But she came not. At midnight the park and garden of the Exposition were illuminated with Bengal lights, but a "torchlight procession," announced on the programme to take place at one o'clock was broken up, owing to a misunderstanding between the citizens and soldiery, which at one time gave me good reason to apprehend would terminate less quietly. Morning dawned on Havre and found the dissipated Orpheonists still making merry at the Grand Ball at the Theatre.

The next day and the day after I spent calling on friends, and presenting letters of introduction, and visiting some familiar places; and so the time passed pleasantly with me during the term of my sojourn in Havre. I always finished the day by dining with Mr. Taylor, and enjoyed myself more during those social hours than at any other time during the twenty-four.

There is very little variety in Havre, even with a Mari-

time Exposition, and when ten days had passed I began absolutely to be bored, for there was nothing to relieve the monotony of the place *but* the Exposition; and after two or three visits, that began to be a bore too. If it had not been for my many kind friends, I should have become wearied of the place in a day or two. So I passed the time calling on them, walking about the town, loitering at the *cafés*, lounging at Frascatti's, watching the bathers there, visiting the docks, the College and the *Lyceé*, where the conconjugation of irregular French verbs was wont in days gone by to be the bane of my scholarly existence, going over the exposition again, writing letters at the hotel, to friends at home. But although glad to leave Havre, I regretted to bid adieu to my friends there, whose kindness will ever be associated with the pleasant spots in life's cloudy pathway.

Near the Exposition grounds in Havre is an immense structure of wood, a vast amphitheatre capable of seating fifteen thousand people, open to the winds and light and rain of heaven; and every Sunday, from ten to fifteen thousand people gather here to witness the "Bull Fight." It is an importation, and will disappear with the Exposition. On the principle of "when you are in Rome do as the Romans do," and impelled by a curiosity to see all that was to be seen, I went to see the bull fight. I went there with the impression of Childe Harold's experience and Byron's poetry fresh upon my mind.

* * * * * * *

"The lists are oped, the spacious area cleared.
Thousands on thousands piled, are seated round.
Long ere the first loud trumpet-note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found.

* * * * * * *

Hushed is the din of tongues. On gallant steeds,
With milk white crest, gold spur and light poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds;
And slowly bending, to the lists advance.

* * * * * * *

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
But all afoot, the light limbed matadore
Stands in the centre.

* * * * * * *

Thrice sounds the clarion. Lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes around the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute;
And, wildly staring, spurns with sounding foot
The sand.

* * * * * * *

Foiled; bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre, stands the bull at bay,
'Mid wounds and clinging darts and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray.

* * * * * * *

Once more through all he bursts his thundering way.
Vain rage! The mantle quits the cunning hand,
Wraps his fierce eye. 'Tis past. He sinks upon the sand.

* * * * * * *

Such the ungentle sport, that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.

* * * * * * *

In poetry this sounds valorous and noble; in *fact* it is disgusting and blood-curdling, cowardly, atrocious.

The bull's horns were swathed and foiled with cloth to such an extent that they were no defense to him, while their lances, their darts and firebrands were as sharp and as burning as ever. A low fence all around the circle in which the fight, or to give it the proper name, torment, took place, offered

an escape to the "light limbed matadores," who vaulted over it when pursued by the bull. A more cowardly exhibition I never beheld, and I left heart-sick and faint at the brutal scene I had been a witness to.

But the shouts of men, and women and children, when the bull was struck with lance, or dart, or squib, showed that they loved these bloody sights, and like the Spaniard

> "Nurtured in blood betimes, their heart's delight,
> In vengeance, gloating in another's pain."

I felt that I should enjoy seeing the bull become suddenly possessed of the use of his horns and gore to the death the cowardly wretches who surrounded him. Four bulls were to be tormented and sacrificed to the popular love for seeing blood spilled.

At the moment I left, the animal had been exhausted; blood flowed from his neck and flanks, his bellowing in the agony of pain had a pitiable sound, his red eyes glared upon his tormentors; he pawed the dust with his last energy, and, as he bent his head to plunge upon horse and rider before him, a cloak was thrown over his head, and a squib-dart was thrust into his neck by a matadore. On came the horse and the rider, plunging his lance into the already bleeding neck. Stung with the burning dart, and frenzied by the lance stroke, he rushed on, actually lifting the horse from his feet, and throwing the rider from him; then "sank upon the sand," still bellowing.

> "'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful."

At this moment the band struck up "*Partant pour la Syrie.*" I heard the music as I went my way from the place, and I thought of the chorus to that chivalric song, "Love to the Fair, Honor to the Brave."

> "Amour à la plus Belle,
> Honeur au plus Vaillant."

Didst thou, oh Queen Hortense, when writing that soul-

stirring song, didst thou for a moment think it would degenerate unto making honor at a bull fight? Where was thy shade that it arose not and rebuked the multitude?

With a smooth sea and a bright moonlight, I crossed the English Channel from Havre to Southampton. I saw the fair shores of Normandy fade from my sight, and in the morning the grey-with-mist shores of England break upon my vision. The early morn was chilly and damp, but there was interest enough for me in landscape and sea, and in observing my fellow-passengers, to keep me on deck until our arrival at the dock in Southampton. I designated my baggage and its destination, and quitted the warehouse for the Steamship "Hermann," only a short distance off, pursued the whole way by a persistent beggar, whose eloquence was really worthy of attention, if not the object on which it was expended. Arriving on board the steamer, I located the few portable things I had with me in my state-room, and "fixed" myself for the sea voyage of over three thousand miles across the broad Atlantic, to my native land, after which, I went ashore, pursued all the way by a boot-black, as persistent as the beggar, until a friendly chop-house excluded him from my company; here, under the influence of a good steak, and accompaniments, I recovered from the boot-black, and ventured to return to the steamship again. I had hardly achieved a block, however, before a woman with a child in her arms, accosted me with a petition for assistance, and followed me until a desire to get rid of her—not true charity, for she looked like a drunken wretch—compelled me to purchase her room, which was far more preferable than her company. Once on the steamer's deck again, I satisfied my interest in Southampton by watching the passengers, the workmen on the docks, and the

spectators until the hour of departure arrived, when I found enough to interest me in the charming scenes of the landscape, from the port to the Needles.

Before dark land was so far distant as to be hardly worth looking at, and the heavy east and southern swell, told plainly that we were once more upon the ocean. I retired early, and without making an acquaintance among our large number of passengers. There was "quite a sea on" next morning, but I ate my breakfast with a hearty relish, and during the whole day felt no inclination to be sea-sick. I made some acquaintances—we had a mixed assemblage on board—representatives of almost every clime, but they were not up to time at the dinner hour; in fact, all day they were more fully represented on deck than at table. Recliners, pillowed heads, shawl and rug-covered forms, pale faces, disordered toilets, and indifference regarding them, told the tale. King Neptune and his prime minister, Sea Sickness, had them in his power. Poor wretches! how I pity you all. I am not sick, I know that I am not going to be, so I ask a pale-faced American girl, if I can do anything to make her more comfortable. I noticed her yesterday when she came on board at Southampton, and I thought to myself that she was very pretty, and I said (to myself also) that the passage ought not to be so tedious after all. She is reclining on a settee, and looks very ill; she is not so pretty to-day as she was yesterday, but she is more melancholy looking, and the past and the present excite my sympathy for her, and I ask her can I do anything to make her comfortable. She has a mother and brother on board, both are below; both are locked from vulgar gaze in their respective staterooms, both are lacking energy to gain the deck, both are sea-sick.

"Yes," she thanks me languidly, yet so kindly, "yes,"

I can get a cushion or a pillow for her, and I am very kind. As I go to fetch it, I feel so strong and unlike sea-sickness, and so proud that I can help one who is; and to be told that I am kind, very kind, by a pretty girl who means what she says, "oh! it's awfully jolly, you know."

Shall I go on, reader? shall I romance a little? nothing more; this is no love story, this only a picture of every day life; this is only a little sunshine thrown over a three thousand mile sea voyage, with the "wild waves" and a "tossing bark" to add to its interest; this is only a short story of a little gallantry on one side, and a little coquetry on the other, passing acquaintances on a steamship mid-ocean. Ah! reader, if we all would be more gallant as passing acquaintances, if we all would study that social page in the book of life, there would be more true gentlemen and more real ladies, more pleasure, and fewer selfish enjoyments, than the world of society now boasts of.

Shall I go on? Yes, I may, for I know there is enough good in society yet to enjoy this picture of innocent pleasure, romanced by the uncontrollable elements.

What would your "lone horsemen" amount to, unless they crossed wide "morasses," or deserted "heaths," mid thunder and lightning and pelting rain? What interest would your Romeos and Juliets excite, unless the hours were improper, and the moon shining on a balcony? What excitement would it create in your heart if some modern Spartacus, with a handful of followers, captured a citadel, in broad daylight? Who would honor Columbus so much had he discovered America without privation, pain, and a crew in mutiny?

Well, I get the pillow for the pretty girl, and I suggest this and that, and I make her as comfortable as it is possible to make any one who is sea-sick, and finally she goes to sleep,

still thanking me, still telling me I am very kind. About noon her brother crawls up on deck, and crawls to a settee, and crawls out full length upon it, and when I go to him and ask him (a good deal for his sister's sake,) how he is, and does he want anything, he looks at me resentfully with his sea-sick eyes; knowing well, I see him helpless, and not very energetically nor politely, informs me that he feels wretchedly, and only wants to be let alone. So I let him alone. It strikes me he is angry with me because I am not sea-sick too. I let him alone, however, but I have an eye on him, notwithstanding, and during the afternoon he occasionally rises hurriedly from the settee and seeks the lee rail, and then returns after some minutes, and very slowly; and every time he comes back he is paler and paler, and weaker and weaker until at last, instead of going back to the settee, he goes down the companion-way and is seen no more for a day or two. He must be very sick, or very indifferent, for he doesn't even say "Good night, sis," to the girl I thought pretty when she came on board at Southampton. She after awhile rouses herself, and at my suggestion eats something—a baked apple—and to see her enjoy it and thank me for it, sitting there on steamer's deck, with the wilderness of blue waves all about us, and the cloudy sun half hiding above us, and the rolling, tossing ship beneath us, "oh! it was awfully jolly, you know, indeed it was."

For the next three days there was "more sea," (a nautical phrase expressive of increased agitation of the waters, not qualifying quantity,) and in consequence an increased motion to the steamer, and an increased number of covered forms on deck, beings who paid not the slightest attention to the summons of the gong to meals—all good cases in the event of a famine. My interesting and pretty lady friend, is quite bright and cheerful, however; she is recovering

rapidly, and can sit up and chat, and we come to the conclusion that as a generality, passengers on ocean steamships are very selfish and uninteresting people; and that it is very fortunate that society has provided that the acquaintance of such people can be honorably "cut" on shore, and every time I assist her she tells me "I am so kind," that I begin to believe (such is vanity) that I really am; but I ask her not to mention it, and that it is a pleasure to assist her or add to her comfort—really a pleasure, I tell her, worth encountering the disagreeable features of an Atlantic voyage, to experience. Then she says any one might know *I* had just come from France, and I tell her I don't take, and ask her to explain; then she says I am very innocent (?), and laughs, and so we make the dreary monotony quite pleasant, until she thinks she had better go down now and see Ma. She has to take my arm, for she hasn't quite got accustomed to the steamer's motion yet, and a little extra roll (for which I am increasing my debit to Neptune,) makes her cling desperately to me, and that's very jolly too, you know. There are several young foreigners on board, and they court my company, I imagine, since I have become so friendly with the girl I thought pretty when she came on board at Southampton.

I don't know what I should do if it wasn't for her; it would be very dull, for she is the only lady on deck who appears to be animate. Eating, drinking, smoking, sleeping, over and over again. Such is life on an ocean steamship.

As we draw near the end of our voyage, my pretty friend is as lively and as merry as a cricket; we walk together and talk together, and criticise all the other passengers together, and watch the waves and sky together. When the "wind is fresh," (another nautical term, implying "increased in violence," not qualifying wind as to its taste or

age,) we stand together watching the waste of waters, a rich blue desert of white capped waves away to the horizon, looking like a velvet robe with tufts of ermine on it, the bright sunlight on all, and each breaking crest—there are thousands upon thousands of them—has its rainbow. On, on we go, plunging and rolling into the head sea, breaking the blue waters away each side of us in snow drifts of dazzling white foam, leaving behind us a track colored with all the shades of blue, green and purple, and my pretty friend can enjoy all this, and will walk the deck now when the young foreigners are afraid to, and she excites their admiration more than ever, and she is so jolly and merry that when I tell her it is worth crossing the Atlantic to make such an acquaintance, I mean what I say; but her poor brother is as pale and weak as sea-sickness can make him, and smiles languidly when we try to cheer him.

One night, when crossing the Grand Banks, the *Aurora Borealis* appeared in the sky; the flashes of electric light seemed like the reflection of some gigantic hidden conflagration, and lit the whole heavens with the brilliancy of day for several hours.

On the early morning of the tenth sea day we came in sight of Sandy Hook. The sun rose in all its glory "round as my shield," and red as vermillion, as we came up the lower bay. And Staten Island, with its Swiss landscape looked like the portal of some haven of rest to the victims of sea-sickness. There was joy in the hearts of our passengers that morning, if there had been no joy in them during the voyage. There was joy in my heart too, that morning, but there was a little sadness also, for I was soon to lose the companionship of my pretty steamship acquaintance, and I said so to her; but she laughed and alluded to France again, and then she gave me her card and told me I

must certainly call and see her if I ever came to the place she lived in—some horrid city miles and miles away—but I promised I would if I ever did go there, and I will.

As we approached the Company's dock at Hoboken, a band of music on the roof of the dock-house, struck up the "National Hymn of Germany;" and the bunting of the "Weser" and the Hamburg steamers were displayed from every mast and yard, dressed up man-of-war fashion. It was a pretty welcome "home again," and due to the fact that the North-German Confederation's Consul-General at New-York—Dr. Rosling—was a passenger with us.

I could not begin to tell you with what joy and pride I inwardly exclaimed, "this is my own, my native land," as I set foot upon the dock at Hoboken, or with what truth I began to experience it by having my trunk well ransacked by a Custom-House officer, and being very rudely handled by cab-drivers as I left the Company's premises; but I can assure you, that Europe, with all its pleasures and beauties, and arts, and science, and allurements, and splendors, has not the charms for me that has my own Sweet Home.

FINIS.

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